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YPIRANGA

A LOVE TALE OF THE BRAZILS

C. F. MARKELL.



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YPIRANGA

A Love Tale of the Brazils

BY

CHARLES F. MARKELL

BALTIMORE

PRINTED BY JOHN MURPHY & CO.

1897

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Madame Brunny Vunale
YPIRANGA.

CHAPTER I.

PETROPOLIS.

WHEN Jean de Lery first visited the incomparable bay of Rio de Janeiro in 1557, he unconsciously exclaimed: "Oh! God, how marvellous are thy works." This was not the idle expression of an enthusiast, for a fairer picture the Almighty never gave to man, and futile indeed would be the attempt at pen portrayal of this most magnificent harbor of the world—ocular contemplation alone sufficing for a conception of its indescribable grandeur.

At the entrance of this slumbering summer sea, upon whose bosom rest a hundred fairy islands, and around whose shores dimple a hundred tiny bays, the majesty of the bold, bald peak of Pão de Assucar, that rears its massive proportions heavenward, and whose rocky ledges, void of verdure, have but once been scaled by living man, impresses itself upon the beholder. A little farther on, Corcovado, a needle of stone, pierces the sky nearly three thousand feet above the waves that break at its base. Next upon the horizon is outlined the Bico do Papagaio, or Parrot's Beak, a hooked and crooked monster of cliff

and crag. To the left rise the interfolding granite configurations of Gavea and Tijuca, laved by the lisping tides of Guaratiba, and endormired by Botafogo. Morro da Viuva, buttressed by battery and *fortaleza*, salutes the distant Serra do Mar, while fair Santa Thereza caps the vista with its crown of whitened glory. All of these mountains rise directly from the water and form a wall of splendor, against which dash the breakers of the bay.

In the dim distance upon the right, robed in the shadowy enchantment seen but in dreams, and enveloped with that indefinable, opalescent haze, peculiar alone to Brazil and Arabia, are observed the Organ Mountains, so named from the remarkable resemblance which their corrugated, upright and serrated peaks bear to the pipes of that instrument—the fantastic outlines and contorted conglomeration of pinnacles challenging the admiration and wonder of the spectator—while upon their summit is perched Petropolis, almost entirely hidden from view by the clouds which float beneath it.

Although at an elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the sea, innumerable crags and cliffs still tower in gloomy grandeur beyond this city of the sky, their rocky apices visited only by the condor; and above all, piercing the heavens, loom the dizzy heights of the Dedo de Deus (Finger of God), a silent and immutable witness of its Creator's omnipotence. Upon these stony battlements the Almighty has stamped the impress of His majesty, and in their contemplation, "beautiful," is all that the heart can utter; the beyond is always beautiful, and as these mountains, with their inaccessible crests and unattainable heights, possess always a beyond, the sequence follows the premises.

Here one may stand upon some elevation and view the white sheen of the distant bay, fringed with the spectral outlines of fronded palm, and laughing in the golden glory of a torrid sun ; observe the capricious play of storm-clouds a thousand feet below ; or watch the vapory course of nebulous monsters gliding in stately sublimity through flume and gorge, only to dissolve and dissipate in some far-away, flower-flecked valley.

Never having been subjected to glacial abrasion, these peaks, unlike those of higher latitude, present a series of conical points, somewhat resembling huge ant hills ; and, encircling the bases of the cones, wind the serpentine streets of Petropolis, its clustered houses trooping far out into the valleys, creeping ambitiously up the almost perpendicular declivities, and clinging to the rugged sides of the hills.

In the centre, its impressively solemn façade bespeaking the glory of a departed dynasty, stands the Emperor's palace, now occupied by a French order of nuns in the conduct of a female school. The groined arches and vaulted recesses of the Ball Room, where whilom moved the flower and chivalry of the Empire through the tortuous measures of the National dance, now reverberate with the laughter of innocence, and ripple with the merriment of youth ; while from the Throne Chamber, in which the beneficent Dom Pedro II once graciously sustained the *noblesse* of his crown, and received the homage of his people, floats the echo of the recluse's *Ave Maria* and rustle of vestals' robes kneeling in devotion when the 'angelus' tolls the twilight hour.

The extensive gardens surrounding the palace, replete with the voluptuousness of a tropical flora, though aban-

doned to nature, still retain the imprints of the pristine splendor that characterized them in the days of the Empire, and the stately royal-palms environing the court, yet toss their plumed tufts to air as haughtily as when their master dwelled among them, gazing proudly toward the sea, faithful watchers for the return of the Imperial exile whose loved form they were wont to shelter.

Petropolis is the summer capital of Brazil, the residence of foreign diplomats and the abode of wealthy citizens; for here it is, when yellow fever, the scourge of Rio de Janeiro, is endemic, that the inhabitants flee for safety and refuge—the long avenues of princely mansions and stretches of deserted villas suggesting, in the “closed season,” a modern Herculaneum or Pompeii restored.

Charmingly ensconced in an angle formed by the confluence of the Moselle and Piabanha, ere the latter mingles its waters with the tides of Itamaryti and sweeps past the busy factories of Cascatinha, in its journey to the sea, reposes the Crystal Palace, a glittering mass of steel and glass, its white dome sparkling in the bronzed rays of a meridional sun, or spectrally glistening beneath the astral glories of the Southern Cross.

At the close of a sultry afternoon in December, when the dying day had gone out with a lengthened sigh of relief and the ephemeral gloaming of the tropics was broken only by the booming of the sunset-gun at the *fortaleza* of Santa Cruz, the clacking of the home-returning peasant's *tamancos* upon the rocky pave and his simple, clear-ringing “*boa tarde*,” the round, white moon rose fair as a bride, her rising heralded by the first delicious notes of the *rouxinol* from its beds of quaresma and lantana, and looked down upon a scene that savored not of the

terrestrial. The thousand and one mirrors of the Crystal Palace flung back, as in mad glee, the rays of a thousand and one tiny electric lights, flooding each arch and dome and cupola with a tide of molten glory, illumining the glowing tinsel and gilded lace of the brilliant Brazilian uniform and enhancing the marvellous beauty of the lustrous-eyed Brazilian belle. The royal bilbergia and queenly orchid, with myriads of other dainty exotics, laughed at their rocking in the sea-born zephyr, just arisen, and nodded to the dreamy tides of the Piabanha whose surface glinted and glowed with the reproductions of far-off beauties adrift in ethereal space, and whose mossy banks, in conjunction with those of its twin-mate, the Moselle, were continually lighted up with spasmodic yet synchronal flashes of fire from millions of gigantic glow-worms, which in their effulgency and accord suggested the fitful efforts of some ogre of flame striving in tireless yet impotent frenzy to free itself from unyielding and unrelaxing meshes. The broad, flaming leaves of the gorgeous flamboya trembled beneath intoxicating strains of symphony breathed from horn and flute and stringed instrument, while diminutive *gloriettes* and fairy-like *kiosques*, radiant with innumerable Japanese lanterns and merry with symposiac mirth, blinked and bubbled beneath the stately catalpa, known in the euphonious Portuguese tongue as the *arvore da Caroline do Sul*.

It was the occasion of a National *fête*, and the Government, in honor of the event, had tendered the Corps Diplomatic and aristocracy of the Capital a high ball which was the drawing together of all that was fairest and best among the beauty and chivalry of Brazil.

In the centre of the mammoth *sala*, beneath an im-

mense chandelier of bewildering light, was remarked the tall form of the *Visconde* Cabo Frio, the aged Director General and intellect of the Foreign Office, the power behind the throne with the craft of Talleyrand and complacency of Metternich; to his left, in the glittering paraphernalia of the navy, Admiral Custodio Jose de Mello was absorbed in converse with the urbane *Barão* Cattete, while surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women across the hall, the *Conde* Figuerando, Brazil's famous financier and chief monarchist, was smiling upon his third wife and probably indulging in comparisons between his former imprisonment and present pleasant environments.

Always a queen in society, which prestige her beauty and station as the wife of the great banker insured her, the dark-haired *Condessa* Figuerando was to-night an object of especial attraction and admiration. It was not that her Parisian gown was of more than usual elegance, nor that her diamond coronet of fabulous worth shone with unwonted splendor; for the habitues of the 'Fazenda Quitandinha,' her country palace, were accustomed to these extravagant surprises of the capricious *domina*, and had ceased to wonder thereat; but she was now chaperoning the most charming of *debutantes* and introducing to Petropolitan society the beautiful *Senhora* Ypiranga Andrade.

This fair creature was slightly above the average feminine stature, and her bearing of severe reserve and almost haughty carriage bespoke the southern pride of her aristocratic lineage. The luscious crimson of the blood-peach was upon her lip, the dreamy softness of the violet in her eye, while the glorious russet of the apple danced upon every tress of her golden hair; that,

however, which caused her to be remarked the most, was the marvellous whiteness of her skin, it being indeed difficult to divine where the gauntlet of her *mousquetaire* ceased to conceal the rounded arm's snowy flesh, or her white silk corselet retreated from the swan-like, alabastrine neck and superbly blanched and glistening shoulders.

With virginal modesty and stately grace the *Senhora* bestowed her favors of hand and smile in the dance, and if her coldness of color and demeanor evidenced absence of interest or hunger of heart, the quiet yet earnest zest with which body and limbs assimilated themselves to the bewildering sinuosities of its mazy measures, would seem to negative the suggestion.

Though apparently impartial in the dispensing of her eagerly-craved considerations, an acute observer would probably have noticed that whenever Greville Thornton, the — *Chargé d'Affaires*, was her partner in the waltz, Ypiranga's clasp, which in all South American maidens is more clinging than that of their northern sisters, evinced the merest suspicion of the ivy's chief characteristic, and that her head rested just a trifle closer to his shoulder, rendering the sweet warmth of her breath discernible upon his cheek.

Twice a white rose fell from her corsage bouquet and while the first waif was unwittingly crushed under foot, the latter found a speedy rescuer in the young diplomat and a safe lodgment in his *boutonniere*. Ypiranga smiled at this trivial exhibition of gallantry, but her eyes spoke to him and breathed the tenderest of thanks.

At midnight Thornton strolled from the dancing-hall into the surrounding grounds and, selecting a quiet little retreat that overlooked the Piabanha, seated himself where

he could view the reflection of the moon in the water and began smoking a fragrant Bahia weed.

From across the river the blue walls and white cornices of the *Barão* Lupo's deserted palace gazed weirdly at him, as they flung back disdainfully the echoes of music and merriment to which the *fête* gave birth ; around him the frowning fronts of the dark mountains rose in air as a rocky rotunda of rugged columns, their apices, freed from shadow, supporting a gilded architrave of lunar glory ; above him a canopy of mellow, pulsating gems ; below, their mirrored sheen and glister.

It is needless to say that his contemplations were of his recent partner in the dance and speculation as to whether the passionate glance with which she rewarded the pinning of her fallen flower to the lapel of his coat was that of an arrant coquette, or the expression of sincere concern.

He was at all times a handsome man, but as he sat there under the midnight moon, its tender light seemed to lend an additional charm to face and figure. Tall and robust, with light, silken moustache and soft gray eye, he presented the physique of an Absalom, being absolutely without blemish "from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head." His hands were long, white and womanish, indicating an almost morbidly nervous temperament ; and while his courage was that of a hero, his gentleness was such as is born of the heart of a girl. Travel, experience and reflection, with which his thirty-five years of life were rife, had wiped away all the crudities of youth and filled his soul with a Buddha's love and pity for human nature, so that in the sunniness of his smile and deep pathos of his exquisitely modulated voice there was an enchantment that few men and fewer women could resist.

CHAPTER II.

CONSUELA.

HAVING finished his cigar Greville was about to revisit the ball room, but upon reflection that Ypiranga's card was replete with engagements, he decided to return at once to the Legation, and frequent calls for the *cocheiro* failing to cause that worthy to respond, nothing remained but a stroll home in the moonlight.

Crossing the quaint bridge that spans the confluence of the sister streams, he passed into the Rua Protestante, where, in accordance with one of those odd incongruities that one so frequently meets up with in life, stands the gloomy residence of the Papal Internunzio and walked slowly down its narrow *trottoir*. Leaving to his right the chaste façade of the palace of the Countess d'Eu, whom the loyal Brazilians yet love to call the *Princesa Isabel*, he moved into the shadow of the hugh black cross surmounting the abandoned and roofless walls of the unfinished cathedral in the Praça São Pedro and, proceeding along the extended stretch of railing which encloses the Imperial gardens, turned into the Imperador, threaded its entire length by the Piabanha and yet alive with music and illumination.

Many of the 'lojas' (shops) were still open, bands of music were parading the thoroughfare, and innumerable

rockets and Roman-candles were spitting their fire in the face of the moon.

The Brazilian possesses a childish fondness for fireworks. They are called into requisition for amusement at all times and hours. The poorest 'campones' (peasant) will spend his last *vintem* for a rocket which he gleefully discharges at midday; from the windows of the bridal carriage elaborate pyrotechnics are set off by the grinning groom, and Roman-candles are encountered at every turn.

The mellow strains of a waltz came to the stroller's ear, and, gazing up at a flare of flags and lanterns suspended in an artificial archway formed of cut palm and bamboo stalks interlaced, he found himself opposite the Casino Petropolitano where the sons and daughters of many nations were making merry. Upon one side of the archway was a finely equipped and crowded billiard *salão*, in the rear of which *casache*, *cerveja* and cigarettes were handed over the marble bar to a liberal but noisy patronage, while the other side was lined with little tables of *sorvetes*, *bolos frescos* and other *doces*, attended by scores of *meninos* and *raparigas*. This arboreal passage led into a small uncovered court, filled with dogs, goats and chairs, which in turn conducted one to the large dancing hall where a dark-skinned orchestra was rendering a dreamy Italian extravaganza.

Handing a *milreis* to the gate keeper, Greville passed into the hall and ascended to a broad balcony, skirting the entire length of the building, which was filled with spectators and afforded an excellent view of the dancers upon the sanded floor below.

Here a pretty and picturesque spectacle presented itself with the variety and vividness of color and figure that

are offered by the shifting cubes of the kaleidoscope, and lighting a fresh "Bahia," the young diplomate seated himself where, partially unobserved, he could drink in the bright beauty of the scene.

Italians, French, Germans, Russians, Spaniards and Brazilians, the men bearing a pronounced spissitude of countenance, the women a remarkable comeliness of feature, were mingled in a heterogeneous mass of gaudily-attired dancers, the whole throng swaying with the accurate precision of perfect mechanism, the individual couples pirouetting and cavorting in fantastic figures with that indescribable movement of the hips and poise of body characteristic of the Latin races in dancing, which would savor strongly of the ludicrous were it not for a peculiar subtleness and mobility of physical action suggesting the weird and supernatural. Round and round in bewildering whirls they moved, the general course of gyration unvarying, the minor passes delineating a line of convolution which, while veering toward, never completed the reverse; the sinuous coil of the serpent, the stately glide of the swan, the hesitating advance of the feline and the charming grace of the gazelle being all commingled in the same terpsichorean gesture. At the close of each musical rendition the women were immediately conducted by their partners to the matrons or chaperons ranged along the wall, and the men as promptly retired to a line of benches on the opposite side of the room, there being no conversation in the interim, for the severe social restrictions between the sexes existing in all South American countries were most rigidly observed.

Suddenly Thornton started, for his glance fell upon a beautiful and somewhat familiar face. A lithe, willowly

figure, with the pliancy of a young bamboo, was moving with inimitable symmetry of step through the measures of a waltz. Her forehead was broad and low; her complexion of the rich olive tint; her teeth white and regular and her wide-open, passion-speaking eye flashed with a sapphirine fire. She wore a white bodice encircled by a bright red and tightly-laced cincture, a petticoat of yellow *estofa* and white sandals. Her heavy and intensely dark tresses were confined in a small Brazilian 'bandeira' (flag) daintily draped above the brow and serving the purpose of a snood. The girl was apparently not over eighteen years of age, but her countenance displayed unmistakable lines of sorrow and suffering. Irrefutably she was a daughter of Italy.

While recognizing her sad cast of features, the gazer was unable at that moment to recall where he had seen her, which fact but intensified his interest in ascertaining the stranger's identity. Her companion in the dance was a tall, morose-looking individual with fierce mustachios and an ugly scar traversing his left cheek from the temple to the corner of his mouth. He was at least fifty years of age and his unsteady amble proclaimed him not unacquainted with liberal potions of *aguardente*. Whether his suzerainty over the young girl was that of a parent or husband, was a matter of perplexing conjecture.

Finding the heat of the hall extremely uncomfortable, the couple ascended to the gallery where the man seated his charge and proceeded toward the bar of the billiard *salão*, leaving her for the time being, alone and fanning herself vigorously with the 'bandeira' which she had removed from her head for that purpose.

Greville quietly managed to exchange his chair for a vacant seat near her, and said in an undertone, addressing her in French :

"The *Senhora* dances well."

She glanced up at him considerably startled, and placing her fingers upon her mouth, exclaimed in smothered breath :

"*Caluda*" (hush).

It was as apparent to her admirer that she did not understand the language he spoke as it was evident that she was frightened. He smiled assuringly, and, knowing not a word of Italian, repeated his salutation in Portuguese. The woman blushed, and ventured to reply in a half whisper :

"The *Senhor* flatters me."

"Truth is never flattery," came the subtle response so readily and so often framed by those proficient in the art of repartee.

She simply hung her head and riveted her eyes upon the door whence her ferocious-looking escort had made his exit, lest he should reappear unobserved by them.

"I have seen you before, *querida*, will you not tell me where you live?" continued her interrogator.

"My *casa* is under the hill of the *caixa d'agua*," was the naive rejoinder.

Then flashed upon Thornton his frequent visits to the *mãe d'agua* (mother of water), a new reservoir in the course of construction, capping the brow of an exceedingly exalted hill. The site afforded a magnificently extended view, and thither he oftentimes carried his *lunette*, or field-glass, with which to sweep the wide range of vision. Now there came to him a picture that he had one day

seen while standing upon this elevation. It was a mid-summer afternoon and the woman at present before him was then sitting at the threshold of her *casa*, her head bared to the merciless sun, weaving baskets of cocoa fibre, with a little kid lying at her feet and occasionally nibbling the skirt of her dress. The hut was of adobe and bamboo, with a roof of sheet-iron held in position and secured from the ravages of storm by huge stone boulders placed thereon; no chimney and but one door and window. She was singing a wild, plaintive air of her native land and upon the faint breath of indolent zephyrs broken snatches of its pathetic cadence were borne to the listener's ear, filling his heart with immensurate compassion for her whose lips had given them birth. The scene was so placid, the song so sad, the singer so lonely.

"Ah! yes, I have watched you often from that hill when you little dreamed that any one was gazing; and I have heard you sing, too. You sing as well as you dance."

"*Muito obrigada*" (many thanks), she interpolated.

"Your home is on the Travessa de Saude. Now that I know where you live, will you not tell me your name?"

"Consuela."

"Consuela what?"

"Oh! just Consuela."

"But surely you have another name."

She was resting her elbow upon the railing of the balcony and the loose sleeve of her bodice had fallen back revealing a brown, but well fashioned arm, across the surface of which the blue veins were lacing and interlacing. Turning her eyes to his with an expression of mingled gratitude and pathos, she said quietly:

"Well, for the present Consuela is sufficient. Call me that and never mind about the other."

"I have often passed your home, Consuela, for the sake alone of getting a glimpse of your pretty face; may I not sometimes stop in passing?"

"*Não, Senhor; Eu tenho marido.*"

"Oh! you have a husband. Well, *Senhora*," with a shrug of the shoulders, "that is your misfortune and not my fault. Is it he who is with you to-night; that man with the hideous scar?"

"*Sim, Senhor.*"

"He is much too old for you. I do not believe that he is kind to you. Tell me, do you love him?"

Her white teeth became clinched, and burying her nails nervously in the palms of her hands till the blood followed their imprint, she replied:

"No, *Senhor*, no."

"Then why are you with him?"

"Because he is my husband."

"What does he for a living?"

"When he is at work," was her answer, accompanied by a heavy sigh, "he drives a 'padaria' (bakery) cart; but he seldom works. He spends most of his time in drinking and lounging about the stables of the Companhia Tattersal and Hotel Bragança."

"Is he kind to you?"

She shook her head slowly, and the hot tears came into her eyes.

"I have suffered much at his hands, *Senhor*. Once, when we lived at Icarahy, he became so angry with me that he pushed me from Itapuca rock into the water, and I would have been drowned but for Padrinho Ermitão,

who was passing along the 'praia' (beach) at the time. That is why I call him 'padrinho' (god-father). My husband told him that my being in the water was an accident; that I had slipped and fallen from the rock. Padrinho said he lied, and when he struck Padrinho, the old man drew a dagger and cut him in the face; that is why he carries that ugly scar, and my husband might have been killed had I not begged Padrinho to desist."

"Padrinho Ermitão, who is he?"

"Why, do you not know the 'ermitão' (hermit). I thought that every one knew him. He is called the 'Hermit of the Stars,' because he lives all alone, way up in the mountain, the 'Serro da Estrella.'"

"No," said Thornton, "I have heard of this hermit, but I do not know him; I should like to, though."

The young woman was silent for some time, when suddenly her face lighted up, and she exclaimed:

"You shall know him. Listen; Domingo (Sunday) no, Segunda-feira (Monday) my husband, provided he is sober, drives a *berlina* to Theresopolis, and if you will join me by sunrise at the 'Presidencia' *guinguette* and will go with me, I will take you to see the old man. I am sure that you will like him; he is so kind, so good and so learned. Do you know where the *guinguette* is? Will you go with me?"

Greville recalled the 'Presidencia' as a *hospedaria* some three kilometres from Petropolis, and replied that he would gladly meet her at the time and place suggested and accompany her to the hermit's abode.

Consuela's husband at this moment entering the hall, her new-found friend discreetly withdrew to a distant corner of the balcony. It was quite evident that the

savage Italian was none the better for his recent visit to the bar, and the heat of the room soon rendered him unfit for any further dancing. In a short time Thornton saw the girl take her husband's arm and lead him toward the street. As they traversed the uncovered court, whither Greville had preceded them, the man halted to light his extinguished cigarette, and passing Consuela in an apparently unconcerned manner, the young diplomate found an opportunity to whisper pleadingly in her ear :

“ Will you not tell me your husband's name ? ”

She glanced archly over her shoulder at him, and as she moved away said, smilingly :

“ Marcus Ribeiro.”

CHAPTER III.

THE HERMIT OF THE STARS.

VAULTING its wall of granite starward from the low plains of papyrus which compass the northern shore of the bay of Rio de Janeiro, smiling when the sunlight is present and frowning when 'tis gone, stands the 'Serro da Estrella,' a range of the Organ mountains. But two peaks in the neighborhood surpass it in altitude, the Dedo de Deus on the left, as one faces the water, and Leopoldina's Breast upon the right. Located almost upon the apex of its highest pinnacle may be descried the abode of a solitary individual known as the Hermit of the Stars.

He was neither an astrologer nor an astronomer, but derived this strange *sobriquet* simply from the fact that his home was upon the 'Serro of the Star,' and so far above the clouds as to cause his lonely light to be oftentimes mistaken at night for one of heaven's luminaries. So infrequent were his visits to his more lowly neighbors as to engender in the minds of the simple peasantry a species of superstitious awe. His past life, history and antecedents were matters of mysterious speculation. That he was an Austrian was known, for upon several occasions, when involved in minor complications, he had appealed to Austria's diplomatic representative in Brazil for protection and redress. That he was an officer of the army was surmised from the time-worn but unmistakable mili-

tary regalia which he donned in his periodical descents, and that he was learned, the variety and store of literature purchased by him upon these occasions, guaranteed the presumption.

En route to the eyry of this hermit, it was on the morning of the appointed Monday that Greville Thornton found himself passing out the Avenida Ya-ya to join Consuela at the 'Presidencia' *guinguette*. He was clad entirely in white, though the morning was yet cool, and in addition to a bleached umbrella carried with him an Alpen stock of stout coffee wood. The rising sun was just commencing to coquette with the forest of multitudinous mountain peaks and the valleys were still filled with chilly mists of the early matin hour. The air was heavy with the pronounced odor of the tangerine and the stephenotic fragrance of the coffee bloom, while the *boninas*, *madresylva* vines and raspberry bushes hung dripping with the copious dews of night. From the caju trees came the shrill piping of the jacotingo, and half-domesticated peccaries occasionally ambled across the zigzag path. It was truly a glorious morning and Thornton felt the inspiration of his environment. For some time his course had been up a rapid incline, and his altitude was now not at all inconsiderable.

In the distance behind him, as he paused to look back, the fair façade of the Emperor's palace; the multi-paned oriels of the 'Escola Domestica'; the huge marble letters of the 'Hotel Orleans,' transfixed to the side of a red hill immediately in rear of the building, their clearly-defined outlines visible many miles away; the white dome of the Crystal Palace, where he had met and danced with Ypiranga, and the picturesque minaret of

the 'Douches' all vied with one another in smiling their brightest and looking their prettiest beneath the sun's first kiss of dawn.

At an abrupt angle in the road he encountered a group of some ten or twelve bare-footed peasants kneeling in silent prayer about a rustic shrine, their mules, heavily laden with panniers of charcoal and sugar cane, grazing upon the sweet *capim* grass which grew by the wayside. The stroller removed his hat deferentially as he passed, and when three or four hundred metres from the *guinguette* discovered Consuela awaiting him in the middle of the *travessa*, laughing and swinging upon her arm a small basket which he soon learned was filled with strawberries for the hermit.

"*Muitas felicidades*," she cried, greetingly, waving her kerchief as he approached.

"Ah! *minha querida*, there you are," he replied, extending his hand as he spoke, "I half mistrusted that you would fail me."

"The *Senhor* doubts as readily as he flatters," was her quick response.

"No, *Senhora*, you are wrong; it is not that. He merely comprehends the caprices of the feminine sex as readily as he discerns the truth, and is always prepared for them. Let me carry your basket for you, and you must take my 'Alpen' as I will soon have need of the umbrella for myself. Did Marcus get away this morning?"

"Yes, or I should not be here. He is very jealous and watches me quite closely. He knows nothing of my visits to *Padrinho*."

"Tell me, Consuela, how came it that you married one so greatly your senior?"

She became grave and spoke in apologetic tones.

"The *Senhor* will pardon me, but with his permission I prefer not to speak of that to-day. I came here to be happy and all happiness would vanish in company with such bitter reflections."

"I did not mean to pain," said her companion ; "you must know no grief at my hands. You came to be happy and shall be if it is in my power to render you so."

"As happy as that golden *borboleta*," she cried, pointing to a large yellow butterfly just above their heads.

"Yes, if I have anything to do with it."

"It is happy because it is in the sunshine, and I am happy because I am in the presence of the *Senhor*." Thornton was about to accuse her of disingenuousness but she gave him an expression of such radiant happiness that he contented himself with a simple "thank you."

The path now became so steep and narrow as to necessitate their proceeding with caution and partially in silence. The slippery rocks, wet from the dew, caused Greville twice to lose his footing and fall. Unaccustomed to such precipitous climbing, he lacked much of the sure-footedness which his companion possessed and his assurance began to desert him greatly to his discomfiture and chagrin. When he found himself upon his knees for the third time Consuela said encouragingly :

"You must allow me to assist you," and proffered him her right hand. He took it mechanically and it was not long ere the strong and stalwart man found himself being led over the route by this frail and fragile girl ; a novel and humiliating predicament it must be confessed, but a very pleasant one, nevertheless ; and he acknowledged to

himself that to be similarly circumstanced through life, was not the worst fate which might befall a man.

Suddenly, when a jutting and pre-eminent promontory was reached, they both halted and stood wrapped in silent wonder at the view extended before them. Around the almost perpendicular pillars of granite, binding them with fetters of steel, as in the folds of some monster python, wound the glistening coils of the inclined 'estrada de ferro' (railway), that indisputable testimonial of the stupendous conception and marvellous execution of Riggengbach's unparalleled system for height climbing, and, keeping pace with the railroad in its intricate windings, crossing and recrossing the same at oft-repeated intervals, ran the white line of the Emperor's old highway, hugging the cliffs, leaping the gorges and spanning the innumerable *cascatas* as it toiled upward in weary stretches and interminable lengths; broad fields of dark green mandioca, retreating in the distance, suggested an immense carpet suspended upon nearly vertical walls, and two thousand feet below lay the bay—a hugh disc of burnished metal, cold, sullen and apparently motionless, while far beyond, through occasional gaps in the mountains, could be seen the blue sweep of the sea, its surface dotted with the white sails of crude catamarans and countless *jangadas* glinting in the morning sun. To the back-ground mountain peak was piled upon mountain peak, range upon range, scalloping the horizon with scraggy points as billows of adamant upon a sea of jade.

Consuela clasped her hands above her head in ecstatic delight at the sublime vista; her lips were parted but her voice was mute. Contemplating her enravishment, Thornton mused that a creature thus visibly moved and possess-

ing so deep a love for the beautiful, was a being of more than ordinary tastes and sensibilities and queried what life must be to such an one with her surroundings. He allowed her to remain undisturbed for some while; then, noting the hour, placed his hand upon her shoulder and said:

"Come, Consuela, we must be off; though it is sublime, is it not?"

"*Incantadora*" (beautiful), she cried and then added: "O! I wonder if I shall ever be as happy again."

"I trust so, many, many times," he replied.

"Ah! *Senhor*, I doubt it."

Together they resumed their jaunt and proceeded along the comparatively level path till further progress was arrested by a large gate of split bamboo extending across the way and covered with vines of *chu-chu*. This barrier was locked and though no fencing extended from either post, the barricade was complete, for on one side of the road was a precipitous cliff, on the other a deep ravine. At the right of the gate hung a weighty iron knocker, lifting which, Consuela gave six loud raps. A dilapidated rustic bench stood immediately adjacent upon which the visitors seated themselves to await the coming of their host, the young girl passing the time biting the caps from her strawberries, her companion, in gazing through the lattice-way with curious expectancy. As Greville drew his kerchief for use in lieu of a fan wherewith to temper the heat engendered by his recent exercise, Consuela detected the most delicate of aromas and exclaimed:

"*Meu amigo*," it was her first familiarity, "what is the delicate odor? *tenha a bondade de dizer-me, peço*."

The name of a rare oriental perfume was given in surprised response.

"Where can I find it; at the *loja do perfumeiro*?"

"Perhaps so. Why?"

"Because it is so sweet and I have never known it. I shall buy of it if possible; it will always remind me of you. When you have left me I shall inhale the fragrance and know that you are near by; feel your presence by my side."

"Keep the *mouchoir*," said Thornton, placing it in her lap, "and if your remembrance of me outlives its fragrance, I shall be content."

She folded the gift almost reverentially and placing the silken souvenir affectionately in her bosom, remarked,

"I shall always keep it here and when I am in my grave, it shall rest upon my heart."

The act and sentiment were simple, almost childish, yet they sent a strange thrill through the breast of the man at her side.

Growing close by was a large agave with many of its succulent, sharp-pointed leaves broken off and a few tucked back upon themselves. Greville endeavored to change the trend of thought and conversation by asking:

"What is that, and why are those leaves reversed?"

"Oh! that is *Padrinho's* card basket," responded the girl. "When visitors call and he is away or fails to hear them, they scratch their names upon the leaf, and by turning it under, invite the old man's attention thereto upon his return."

"Decidedly unique and original," added the *Chargé*, and examining a leaf he found the name of an acquaintance traced thereon with some sharp instrument in perfectly legible chirography. Taking from his pocket a small penknife, he handed it to Consuela, saying:

"Let me see you write your name."

She blushed confusedly, and drawing one of the leaves across her knee, inscribed in awkward, sprawling characters along its smooth, glossy surface, 'Consuela Ribeiro.' When she had finished, Greville broke the branch away and quietly placed in his pocket the portion written upon, little dreaming the import of this trivial act.

The hermit's protracted tardiness of response caused Consuela to repeat her rapping, the echoes of the heavy iron knocker reverberating again and again through the deep glens and yawning chasms. At length a prolonged "*Oui, oui*" floated from the interior, and in a few moments an old man came hurrying down the path to the gate which he demurely proceeded to unlock.

He was of medium height, rather slender build and probably about sixty years of age, though his ruddy complexion and keen blue eyes, betraying his Saxon origin, would have declared him much younger were it not for his white hair and mustache. Clad in light checked blouse and trousers, the latter confined about the ankles with stout cord, the hose and wooden shoes of European peasants, his head protected by a plaid turban covered with a white havelock, he constituted a presentment most pronouncedly unique and picturesque, the effect further accentuated by a long-handled butterfly net of brilliant coloring and an oddly-fashioned tin box, for the transportation of insects, which was swung across his shoulders.

"Good morning, Padrinho," cried Consuela, rushing forward and embracing him; "you were real unkind to keep me waiting so long when I had brought this gentleman to see you. Such a fine gentleman, too,

the —— Minister," mistaking his rank, "*Senhor* Greville Thornton."

"*Chargé d'Affaires*," said Thornton, correcting her.

The host, bowing most profoundly, removed his turban and waved it in silence three times above his head.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Greville, returning the old man's obeisance with corresponding courtliness.

"Max Honoré. The gentleman does me much honor by this visit, and I am pleased to add his name to the roster of *distingues* who have sought my humble abode. I am familiar with many tongues, but regret to confess myself a stranger to that of your country; therefore, if agreeable to your excellency, we will converse in French, the language, I believe, of your profession," said the hermit, turning with the most assuasive smile to his guest, who replied urbanely:

"As you please."

"What have you here?" continued the old man, addressing Consuela, as he regarded the little basket swung upon her arm.

"Strawberries, Padrinho, which I gathered for you before sunrise this morning. See, the dew has scarcely left them yet."

"Ah! my little dove never forgets her aged friend. When we reach the house she shall have some of the best wine my locker contains to compensate for the extra exertion the early gathering necessitated," and he patted her affectionately upon the cheek.

"Your approbation is the only return I ask," said the girl, smilingly placing her hand in his.

The three now began the ascent of the winding path leading from the gate to the hermitage, lined on either side by rows of luscious pine apples, and shaded by palms, bamboo and other native trees, the latter literally garlanded with that glory of the woods, the orchid, each flower as fantastic and varied in form as in coloring, resembling smoke-pipes, birds, locusts, butterflies, gnomes and hobgoblins, and ranging from the vivid and intense of every hue to the softest and most subdued tones. Many were marked with delicate pencillings and exquisite blendings of shade, while others presented speckles, splashes and grotesque spots of sharply contrasting tints.

"How superb," exclaimed Thornton, stopping to view the royal beauties.

"Yes, yes," interposed Honoré. "I see that you admire my pets. Truly the *flor parasita* is the aristocrat of flowers; and when I say aristocrat, I mean aristocrat, for aristocracy, my friend, is not the exclusive privilege of mankind, nor is it confined to him and the brute creation alone, but extends through all inanimate nature as well, being found in the lowliest of rocks and earths themselves. I need only ask you, in support of my assertion, to compare the relative merits of iron and steel and the adverse purposes to which the two metals are applied. To the trustworthy, but plebeian iron are assigned the rougher uses and drudgery of the world, while for the finer offices of mechanism the patrician steel is called into requisition. Of the former metal the anchor-chain, plough-share, the anvil, the wedge and the horse-shoe are moulded or welded; but the delicate surgical instruments and accurately adjusted naval apparatus, the modern inventions and scientific appliances, the mariner's needle,

the miner's drill, the physician's stiletto, the mechanic's lathe, the watch-maker's ratchet, the Damascus blade and finely-edged implements of battle are cast or wrought in the latter. Each, you will note, has its individual merits, its prescribed sphere ; reliance and fidelity the one, accuracy and precision the other."

The pathway now led under an immense shelving rock that shadowed the entrance to a cavern, in the mouth of which stood a dismantled wheelbarrow and, hard by, a rude bench ; upon which relics of better days the climbers seated themselves for temporary recuperation and rest.

In the mountainous regions of Brazil, the natives, owing to the excessive altitudes, never dig their wells vertically, but obtain water by tunneling into the sides of the hills, frequently delving a half mile before the spring is reached. These subterranean passages, arched with a smack of ingenuity, are exceedingly narrow, barely sufficient in height to admit the slightly stooping figure of a man, and are commonly known as *cavernas do poço*.

"Evidently you do not obtain your drink here," said Greville, observing a number of abandoned water-filters and broken *cantaros* stored in the opening of the cave, and the general disused appearance of the place.

The host shook his head excitedly, and replied with considerable warmth :

"No, *Senhor*, not for two years ; not since my enemies, those who conspire against my life, poisoned the well. Now I drink from the *cascata* in the glen by the *Princeza's* bridge ; you shall see it by and by. There the water is so shallow that as it flows over I can see the larvae attached to the flat rock, and if I find them alive and active, then I know that there is an absence of poison,

and can imbibe free from fear. My *guardadeira*, I find, was undisturbed last night."

At the conclusion of his remarks he directed the attention of his visitors to a crude turnstile consisting of an upright post across which rested at right angles a flat sliver of light wood and loosely fastened thereto by an iron spike upon which it turned as a pivot. The long arm swept the entire breadth of the road, and along the arc described by the short arm upon the top surface of the post, was roughly cut a series of Roman numerals, at any one of which was placed a small pebble, when the stile was properly adjusted for action. This barrier offered no resistance to passage other than necessitating its being swung upon a curve when unwittingly encountered, and was nominated the *guardadeira*. Every evening, at sunset, Honoré would place his pebble at some numeral, the identity of which he carefully remarked, and should the greater arm of the guard be propelled in the slightest degree, by an intruder, during the hours of the night, a corresponding movement of the smaller arm would push the stone from its position, thus indicating molestation. It is true that if the trespasser noticed the falling of the indicator, he could immediately replace it; but to restore it to the identical number from which it had fallen was, as the hermit knew, a matter barely among the possibilities. Ingress could be effected, to be sure, by merely bending the body quite low and passing under the barrier, but this implied a previous knowledge of its existence and adjustment, which was precisely what its constructor was endeavoring to ascertain.

"Doubtless you regard such a contrivance as the creation of a childish whim or gratification of an abnormal

senile propensity," continued Max, turning to the *Chargé*. "My enemies, presumably marvelling at my insularity of life, have further endeavored to do me harm by declaring that I have lost my electricity, and probably, after seeing that device, you will accord them the vantage of the argument."

"Your electricity!" repeated the young man, beginning to suspicion that his aged friend's foes existed only in the sphere of phantasy, or, if creatures of reality, were partially justifiable in the harsh declaration.

"Yes, my electricity. They say reason, but I say electricity. When one is deaf, you assert that he has lost his hearing, or blind, his sight; and when a man becomes insane, I say that he has lost his electricity. If it is not a matter of annoyance to my guests, I will explain what I mean."

The visitors nodded assentingly.

"All nature is motion," continued the old man, "there is no such thing as rest in the universe. This motion is graduated, and the measures of its gradation are the organs of sense with which the Creator has supplied us. The lowest grade of universal action is that which our dullest sense perceives under the nomenclature of touch; the next is taste, the former rendered slightly more acute by a moderately increased rapidity of speed, and of course smell follows, the last of the three closely allied gradations of motion. Then is encountered a vast degree of disparity in velocity until we reach the trio of higher movements. The waves of sound are remarkably rapid, yet when these waves increase their rapidity, the ear ceases to detect them and assigns the graduation of the vibrations to that more delicate organ, the eye. Could the

sound-waves of a locomotive whistle be sufficiently accelerated, they would cease to be heard and break into fitful flashes of light, or the tintinnabulations of a bell similarly quickened would fade from the audible, melting into a continuous stream of luminosity. Thus you see that our organs of sensation are but meters attached to the human machine to detect what would otherwise be occult and unknown. I have given you the five functions of man's faculties, and mentioned the five corresponding degrees of celerity ; but there is a sixth motion for the reception of which we have no recognized specific organ of adaptation. This is electricity, and we are cognizant of its existence only through its results. The flash of the lightning is but the detached and belated fragments of its speed retarded by contact and friction with the atmosphere ; the odor of the electric spark is only the combustion of molecular matter in the air. Now it is apparent to me that the sixth and supposedly undiscovered receptacle of the human organism for this vehicle of velocity, is the brain. The loss of sight, hearing or feeling, as by blindness, deafness or paralysis, is entirely physical ; it is not the sound, vision or perception that is deranged, but the capacity of the organ titillated by their vibrations to be further influenced thereby ; so with the loss of reason, merely the incapability of the brain to receive, accommodate or retain the electric fluid. Thus the same fluent which we note playing so majestically in the amphitheatre of the clouds and racing along the galleries of heaven, quietly enters the cerebral chamber of the human temple and controls our every action ; for what is insanity but loss of self-control ? There can be no mistake concerning

this ; hence I repeat that a man mentally disordered has lost his electricity."

Thornton greeted this dissertation with a curious smile that might have been taken for one of assent or incredulity. He would, however, undoubtedly have been pressed for some expression of opinion, had not Consuela interrupted further conversation by exclaiming :

"Padrinho, you have not yet spoken of your family ; are the little ones all well ?"

The hermit's face became grave and his expression depressed as with sorrow.

"All that are left are well," he said, "but since I last saw my little dove a great grief has come upon me and my household. Some fortnight ago four of my babies disappeared in the night, and though I have offered a large reward for their return, they are still absent. My enemies have probed me in the tenderest spot and have almost broken my heart. The little ones were my darlings and my love for them was that of a parent. I am as Rachel 'mourning for her children which were not.'"

"I was not aware that you had a family," interrupted Greville, glancing enquiringly first at Max and then at Consuela ; "I thought that you lived quite alone."

"Yes, yes," replied Padrinho, "not a human family, though nearly so to me. My household, until recently, consisted of myself and fourteen marmosets, or *owistitis*, as you please, but now four of them are with me no more. My enemies, alas ! my enemies."

"Probably they perished or wandered away," suggested the *Chargé* comfortingly.

"Never, never," retorted the host vehemently, "had they died, I would have discovered their bodies, for my

search has been thorough and exhaustive and nothing save death could have kept my loved ones from me. I reared them all with tenderness and since the hour of their birth they have never remained an entire day away from home. But I will not weary my guests with a recital of personal sorrows. Let us proceed."

Progress toward the hermitage was renewed and as the spirit of the old man's grief seemed to hover over the entire party, conversation was temporarily suspended.

Along the approach to the tiny plateau upon which Honoré's cottage stood, was an arbor of bamboo and *bougainvillea* vines, containing a chair and small table. This bower hugged the very verge of an overhanging crag and commanded a superb sweep of vision, broken only by a solitary palm fifty metres in height and according to the annual register of rings upon its trunk, three hundred and twenty-five years of age.

"Here is my study of nature, history and science;" broke in Padrinho, "here I read and dream. That palm is the most ancient specimen of life in the Province and my greatest crony. For three centuries and a quarter it has defied the ravages of the elements and the mutations of time. In the day, its aged crest battles unceasingly with the clouds; during the night, its plumous tuft points me to the silent watches of the glittering *cruz do sul*. It speaks to me, too; crooning in the sunlight, whispering in the shade. When the storm-wind rises, it tells me tales most weird and melancholy—Indian legends of the days when the Nyterois and Guanabaras held converse 'neath its fronds; when their songs of war and dance lost echo on the water and the blue smoke of their council-fires rose against the sun."

Charmed at the eloquence of the aged recluse, his guests grew taciturn and entered in silence the grove of orange, tangerine and lemon trees which crowned the plateau and was completely environed by tall hedges of dark green tea plants. The hermit's *casa* of corrugated iron, cowered beneath the sheltering branches of an ample tamarind and occupied a site immediately in the centre of the grove. The building was but one story in height, surrounded by a labyrinth of arches, lattices and rustic retreats and fronticed with a wooden portico, from the eaves of which, suspended upon a swaying cord, hung a tiny silver bell. Walking briskly in advance of his visitors, Honoré unlocked the door of his abode and, bowing low, bade them welcome to the "home of the hermit, humble but hospitable, homely but honest."

Consuela and her companion entered the scrupulously clean reception room of exceedingly contracted dimensions and seated themselves upon a slatted sofa of some native wood. Excusing himself, the hermit withdrew to an adjoining apartment and almost immediately returned with a bottle of anisette, several decanters of sauterne and some fruit which he placed upon an exquisitely lacquered Japanese centre-table, remarking as he did so :

"This will refresh your spirits and I trust prove a partial recompense for the fatigue of climbing necessitated by the visit with which you have honored me. I promised my little dove the best wine my locker afforded for her berries, and here it is ; drink and rest assured that my house is at your disposal. Your health, *Senhor*."

They drank the refrigerant liquors, partook of the cooling fruit and, smiling under the Austrian's genial hospitality, passed into a conversation of mutual pleas-

antries. Meanwhile Thornton found an opportunity of examining the appointments of the apartments.

Several large vases of oriental pattern, surmounted by stuffed monkeys, owls and *cobras*, were ranged along the floor, while in one corner stood a cabinet of *santa madeira*, behind the glass doors of which, groupings of stone, metal and clay images, pottery, Chinese idols and relics from Egypt enlisted the interest of the curious. Exquisitely carved statuettes and busts in Carrara marble occupied brackets upon the wall, against which also hung ivory and porcelain miniatures of Beatrice, Judith, Cleopatra and the fatal asp, Fornarina and several eighteenth century beauties of the French Court; all executed by a master hand and in the softest of colorings. A frame of dappled tuya wood encased a landscape in oil of the bower on the cliff, with the tall palm rearing its lonely head cloud-ward; an oval of civic and military decorations graced the mantel, from the ceiling depended a curiously-wrought Pompeian lamp and through a half-open door one obtained glimpses of a neatly appointed bed chamber, while the rear exit revealed an array of books, folios and vellum-bound boxes with brass clasps and corners.

"I lay some claim to recognition as an artist," said Honoré, pointing to the wall; "those paintings are all my own handiwork."

"I have seen worse;" observed his guest, "and from the pencils of those to whose assumption of merit and superiority the world has given ready accord."

"Your excellency is very kind," continued the hermit. I confess likewise to a *penchant* for botanizing, and by dint of patient observance and tireless experimenting

have succeeded in propagating a new species of land orchid. I sent specimens of the rare plant to the botanical *savants* of Europe and was deeply gratified to learn, in the acknowledgement of their reception, that the flower had been named for your humble servant. I will show it to you."

He proceeded to the rear apartment and, selecting from the assortment of books a heavy folio, exhibited to his guests a profuse collection of handsome floral paintings, principally orchids, and all products of his clever, artistic skill. Accompanying the sketch of the land orchid, an exquisitely-pencilled, delicately-tinted and fragilely-moulded child of the shade, was a printed pamphlet descriptive of its characteristics and bearing the title, *Orchis Honorii*. Then he showed them cabinets of beetles, *baratas* and humming-birds, coils of tanned serpent skins, huge owl-moths, bearing wings as large as the human hand, and files of desiccated vampires.

"I have disposed of sixteen complete collections to the various universities of the world," he said with a gratified smile, "and it requires years to perfect a single collection; but the remuneration is considerable. From the proceeds of these sales I derive my living. The pride of my heart among the insects, however, are my butterflies. You must see them."

Unclasping several of the brass-bound, vellum cases, he raised the heavy lids, displaying his trophies with intense satisfaction. And such butterflies! There were butterflies as floating blossoms, butterflies as fragments of rainbows; butterflies as shreds of imprisoned glory, butterflies of transfixed flame; butterflies of iridescent *madreperola*, butterflies as silken sails; butterflies of

sun-burnished gems and sun-painted velvet; butterflies of diaphanous sheen, pale pellucidity and vivid transparency.

"Now, Padrinho, you must introduce the *Senhor* to your family," exclaimed Consuela, laying her hand upon her patron's shoulder.

Walking to the portico, the hermit rang the little silver bell vigorously and stood waiting for a response.

"*Kommt meine Lieblinge, meine Liebchen, meine Kinder; wo seid ihr? Kommt, Ich habe Milch,*" he cried in German, evidently proclaiming that whenever the tenderness of his heart found expression, his language lapsed into the tongue of his nativity.

Suddenly there was a rustling among the leaves of the surrounding trees and ten little silken-haired, white-wimpled, ring-tailed monkeys came trooping over the vines, bamboos and branches, chattering and grimacing in the most grotesque manner. Placing some condensed milk in a goblet, Max added a quantity of water and began stirring it vigorously with a silver spoon. When the preparation of the mixture was completed, he extended the glass toward the marmosets who, springing from the vines to the head of their master and then to his shoulder, ran along the outstretched arm and drank their respective portions of the beverage, each one, as it made way for the other, smacking its lips and expressing its thanks in shrill piping notes. Their repast finished, the tiny creatures scrambled over the face and body of the hermit in frolicsome play, carousing with his moustache, gamboling through his hair and thrusting their diminutive mouths between his lips, one, a mother, bearing her offspring upon her back with its little arms tightly

clasped around her neck, frequently pausing in the sport and holding the mite up before his eyes for admiration and caress.

Pointing to a stout, square box which stood in a corner of the enclosure upon four sprawling legs and supported upon its front a rusty metal cup as the muzzle of a cannon, Honoré remarked :

"That is my sham camera. Frequently visitors, desiring pictures of my family, bring their photographic apparatus with them, and, in order to obviate consternation among the *ovistitis*, I have accustomed them to the real camera by this simple device."

"Quite an ingenious ruse," replied Greville.

"If it pleases your excellency, we will now visit the *cascata* by the *Princeza's* bridge," continued Max, "I am sure that your rest by this time has been ample."

"Padrinho will allow me to remain here and attend to the necessary repairs of his wardrobe," interrupted Consuela, leaving the two men to move away alone.

The descent was quite precipitous, the path, which led into a charming little glen, making, at one place, a dangerous detour around a huge boulder that had evidently been detached from an impending crag and arrested its serpentine course.

In the centre of the glen the crumbling ruins of an abandoned palace presented a "witches' race-course" of tangled shrubbery and prodigal vegetation where wild vines ran riot and wild flowers grew undisturbed. A few yards away the cross beams and arms of an iron bridge, its rusty skeleton bespeaking the magnificence of the once elaborate structure, spanned a placid waterfall of tranquil flux and unbroken surface. The tranquillity

of the spot was so supreme, the neglected beauty of the floral arena so enchanting, that Greville felt one could willingly dream away existence in this hidden paradise of florulent profusion and perfumed rest, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"How came so costly a bridge as that to be built in this secluded place," he enquired; "to what purpose was it erected and how was it approached?"

"This *fazenda* was once the suburban residence of a noble family not far removed from the crown," replied the Austrian. "These ruins are all that is left of the princely mansion and a carriage way formerly led to that bridge, but the detached rock, around which we clambered in our descent hither, has, since its fall, formed a complete barrier to approach other than by foot. Here was held a tiffin party that sad day, and in its precipitation the cruel boulder crushed out the life of a little child, the only son of the proprietor of this estate who abandoned the place, and, though well-nigh forty years have passed away, since then has never set his foot within the *hacienda*."

"Well, I recall Augusto, with his wide-open eyes as those of some affrighted animal, his flowing curls and manners of a girl; he was but five years of age. I sometimes think that while Divinity possesses more wisdom than humanity, the human heart holds more of compassion than does the divine. If the life of the lad was required to avert an existence of future sorrow and suffering, or to bring an obdurate parent to contrite submission, could not his taking away have been a painless one? God could mangle the bones and crush out the life of that helpless child, but Max Honoré could never

have done so. And this leads up to the suggestion, presuming that the misery, poverty and pain sent into the world by Deity are prefatory to some good end, are not all missions of mercy, deeds of charity and alleviation of suffering, an impious interference and an unholy thwarting of Providential design?"

The old man heaved a long-drawn sigh.

"If your premises are correct, the argument is irrefutable," answered his companion.

Padrinho then directed the visitor's attention to the *cascata*, where over the flat, smooth rocks the silent water, shimmering in the mid-day sun, flowed with the lubricity of oil. Pointing to the numerous pools and puddles filling the indentations of the time-worn stones and stiff clay soil which bordered the stream, he queried :

"Have you ever reflected that man is but a puddle? Every time you gaze into a human face, you see there reflected the soul within as the water in a pool, the majority of instances presenting the contents befouled and contaminated by the dross and pollution of its surroundings, a few, impervious to the defiling influences of the receptacle, clear, pure and untainted, mirroring the bright skies in which they had their birth. To the former conditions belongs the excess of humanity, while the latter claim the noble characters that have glorified the pages of history, moulded the trend of thought and wrought the grooves of progress, or sweetened the lowly offices of domestic life. As with the water, so with the soul ; some assimilates with the filth and mire of its environment, while some, purified and purged, ascends to the sphere of its source only to descend again in other places."

"Your ideas savor decidedly of the Pantheistic," remarked Thornton. "If you believe the spirit descends again, you evidently do not subscribe to the doctrine that a new soul is created at the birth of every human individual."

"Surely not, why should I? Matter is eternal, the soul is eternal. Matter existed always, the soul existed always. What cannot be reduced to nothing, could not have been brought from nothing; that which it is impossible to annihilate, never had pre-non-existence. You say that the soul is immortal; I grant it, but why always date immortality from the birth of the individual and direct its progression toward futurity; why is it not also retrogressive? If this is not a fact, we are presented with a number of immortalities of various and unequal lengths according to the respective individual births. No, no, *Senhor*, my soul is co-eternal with matter and has existed always. And I tell you that there is a closer affinity between the soul and nature than man dreams of. It is not until the human heart has grown weary of worldly foibles and lost interest in the baubles of this life, that it hears the appeal for companionship and becomes conscious of the bond of sympathy which binds it to nature, or appreciates the balm of consolation which it offers to that heart's bruised and broken core. I know it, for I have felt it."

It must be confessed that Greville himself was not entirely orthodox, though Spinoza, Swedenborg, and Blavatsky had failed to satisfy his soul-hunger, yet he remained silent when the old man had finished speaking.

The fierce heat of noon precluding further rambling, the two remounted the ascent to the *casa* where they found Consuela busily engaged with needle, broidering her patron's hose. His guest seated, the Austrian produced a tin-basin of water, with which to lave, and a cotton towel of coarse native manufacture, apologizing as he did so and adding, with a courtly bow :

"I would that they were of silver and the finest damask."

The *Chargé* would fain have interrogated his host concerning his history and past life, the cause of his misanthropic seclusion and estrangement from the world, but every essay to probe the mystery was parried with such clever dexterity as to tincture any further attempts with a flavor of rudeness.

When the declining sun began to near the western hoop, Consuela reminded her companion that it was time for them to depart.

"I shall accompany you to the gate, *Senhor*," said Max, "and I trust that it will not be long ere you again accord me the honor and afford me the pleasure which you have rendered me to-day."

As they re-passed the *caverna do poço* a huge *cobra* dragged its slimy coils across the path and disappeared in the gloomy shades of the cave.

"Nothing good can ever come out of that place," remarked Consuela with a superstitious shudder.

At the wicket they bade the hermit adieu with promises of another visit, and the after-glow was upon the mountain tops when they reached the 'Presidencia.' Here Greville left Consuela and at the parting she gave him both her hands, remarking :

"This has been a very, very happy day to me ; I thank you for it."

She stood for a moment with her soft, full lips turned toward his, and if he pressed those "threads of scarlet" to his mouth, few there are who could blame him.

CHAPTER IV.

YPIRANGA.

“*JE n'oublierai jamais les framboises.*”

The words were uttered in a musical feminine voice emanating from the interior of a coach attached to the 4 o'clock p. m. express which stood in the great railway station at Petropolis, just prior to its departure for the Capital Federal, as Rio de Janeiro is most commonly known.

It was not difficult from the soft southern accent and melo-pathetic intonation to distinguish Ypiranga as the occupant of the compartment, nor could one fail to recognize Greville Thornton in the handsome face and figure of the young man who stood outside, with one foot resting upon the *marc'heped* of the open-doored carriage, in true lover-like fashion.

Scarcely two months had passed since their first meeting at the National *fête*, yet the acquaintance had budded into a sentiment more potent than friendship, and in order that a thorough comprehension of the thread of this story may be attained and an appreciative interest aroused, it is now necessary to invite the attention of the reader, for a moment, to a few pages of history.

When the craven João VI. of Portugal learned that the victorious armies of Napoleon I. were nearing Lisbon, he abandoned his subjects to the mercy of the approaching

enemy and incontinently fled to Brazil, where he established his court at Rio de Janeiro, reducing Portugal, in a measure, to the status of a dependency of the western Empire. In a brief while the French forces were withdrawn, and in 1821 the weak monarch returned to his former kingdom, leaving his son, Dom Pedro I., to rule over the Brazilians, but surrounded by a Council whom the former had himself selected, and whose servility to their master across the water and fidelity to the home Government were unquestionable.

Dom Pedro, however, was made of sterner stuff than his royal sire, and the latter was not long upon his restored throne ere he was informed that the young Emperor had dismissed the recently constructed Cabinet and formed a new Ministry, in touch with the spirit of the day and in accord with the interests of the Empire, placing Jose Bonifacio Andrade at its head as Premier.

This patriotic Minister, often called the "Father of his country," occupies a position in the hearts of the Brazilians similar to that with which the great revolutionary general of the United States is regarded by the citizens of the North American republic, and is familiarly styled the "Washington" of South America.

News of Pedro's action reaching Portugal, the Cortes at once decided to prosecute the new ministers and orders for their arrest were transmitted to Brazil. Advices of this determination arrived at Rio de Janeiro during the absence of the Emperor in the Province of São Paulo, and Andrade immediately despatched couriers to his sovereign, informing him of the steps taken by the Portuguese Crown. The couriers met Dom Pedro at Ypiranga, a little stream upon the borders of São Paulo, and then it

was that, after reading his Prime Minister's message, His Majesty turned to his followers and, rising in the saddle, gave utterance to that immortal proclamation, "*Independencia ou morte*;" declaring the final separation of the Empire from the mother country.

This event occurred upon the seventh of September, A. D. 1822, which is known as a "red-letter day" in the history of the nation and is commemorated by a magnificent equestrian statue of heroic size, embellishing the centre of the Praça da Constituição, one of the largest and handsomest parks in the Brazilian capital. The doughty monarch is faithfully portrayed astride a champing charger, giving utterance to his living words, and the darkened bronze of the metal steed has caused its environment to be commonly designated the "Black Horse Square." There is also a colossal figure of the beloved Andrade in the Largo de S. Francisco de Paula, the great heart of the city, where converge the innumerable "bond" (street car) lines of the metropolis.

Bonifacio had a near relative of the same patronym who, unlike his illustrious kinsman, lived in comparative retirement, passing his days upon the rich coffee plantations in the Province of São Paulo. This relative died at a good old age, leaving his entire fortune to two orphan grandchildren—brother and sister.

The boy, christened for his distinguished ancestor, had, after careful schooling, been placed in the navy. Unfortunately, however, he could not lay claim to the virtues of his namesake and more than a score of questionable escapades had been placed to his credit, or discredit. Bold, beautiful and bad, he had taken advantage of the prestige afforded by his family and fortune, and was perpetually

engaged in schemes which caused the Government to observe the strictest surveillance upon his movements. Though only a subaltern in the navy, revolutionary fomenters had secured his espousal of their cause by glittering promises of a *Contra Almirante's* commission in the event of a successful issue of their insurrectionary schemes, and this self-assumed title, though primarily adopted by the young officer in a spirit of levity and semi-braggadocio, had clung to him with such tenacity as to cause his compatriots to universally dub him the 'Contra Almirante' (Rear Admiral). At the present time he was supposed to be aiding and abetting the irrepressible Silva Martines in the insurgent State of Rio Grande do Sul.

The girl, Ypiranga, born on the seventh of September, was, in a moment of loyal love and patriotism, named in memory of the occasion which that day perpetuates in the national heart. She was assiduously trained in a Carmelite convent and developed into a delightful specimen of feminine perfection, free from all art save that irresistible coyness with which nature endows every beautiful woman. Reared upon a remote *fazenda* in the fertile coffee regions of aristocratic São Paulo, she came fresh from its exclusive influences with a *naïveté* of manner as charming as it was exceptional to the metropolitan society of the Capital Federal.

Her *debut* had been made under the chaperonage of the *Condessa* Figuerando at the National *fête* ball in the Crystal Palace of Petropolis, and here it was that Greville Thornton had obtained his first introduction to her. Ypiranga was accompanied by Madame Kafka, the wife of the — Consul General, who was also a guest at the

'Quitandinha,' the *Condessa's* handsome country residence in the suburbs of the "summer capital."

The *fazenda* was an hour's canter from the city and, since the night of meeting, Thornton was a frequent partaker of its hospitalities. The mansion was broad and low, after the manner of country houses, with a red-tiled 'sobrado' (upper story) and wide porticos. In the front a majestic avenue of eucalyptus trees swept to the entrance gate, circumscribing and directing the vista to a single mountain peak which towered in air and, from its resemblance to the female bust, was known as 'Leopoldina's Breast.'

A limpid lake lay to the right of the avenue, and was spanned by a rustic bridge; guarded by a wall of artificial rock, wound a tortuous path which led to a private chapel of artistic design and elaborate architecture, and to the left of the avenue was a garden of countless annunciation lilies among which, as globules of fire floating upon a sea of pearl, wandered a flock of superb scarlet ibises. Marble statues and spraying fountains graced the flower-criss-crossed lawn, while upon the distant hill-sides grazed a herd of black llamas and Indian zebus.

Ypiranga was passionately fond of music, and in the early moonlight, reclining in her hammock, would sing and play upon the mandolin, for her visitor, those soft southern airs that one so delights to hear and so soon learns to love. Together they formed a picture fair to look upon. The girl's every posture was grace, every movement replete with symmetry.

She manipulated the keys of her piano and swept the strings of her mandolin with that nervous sensibility of

touch and delicate perception of contact rarely manifested, save by the blind ; while each poise of the head was a poem in motion, each elevation of the lovely shoulders, a symphony of action.

Whether she read, played, sang or engaged in needle-work, the young diplomate evinced the fondest attention and devotion, bending over the back of her *fauteuil*, turning the leaves of her music or loitering on an ottoman at her feet. It was to him as a delicious trance to gaze into the spirit-revealing depths of her soul-dreaming eyes ; to watch the glinting of the moonbeam or the glisten of the sunlight upon the flossy ripples of her russet tresses ; to regard the marvellous pallor of her untinged skin ; to listen to the mellow undulations of her exquisite voice, welling up from alabastrine throat, and bursting through flood-gates of pearl, or to follow the mesmeric passes of her sylphen fingers over syren-mouthed chord and ivory-speaking octave, trembling 'neath seraphic touch and breathing elysian harmony.

Her conversation, too, presented a strange mingling of childish ingenuousness, maidenly piquancy and oft-times surprising originality. Her questionings, fraught with unfeigned simplicity, were girlish and guileless, her thrusts at repartee in drawing-room tilts bristled with sparkling lance-points, as though launched with the skill of feminine coquetry, while the deeper sentiments of her mind charmed and refreshed the auditor, in their revealing, with unexpected wealth of thought and unaccredited intelligence.

The cool of the morning frequently found the young couple indulging in a spirited canter on horseback through glen and woodland, accompanied by either the *Condessa*

or Madame Kafka, and upon their return Greville invariably accepted the invitation extended him to breakfast with the family. Upon these occasions he never failed to discover, deftly ensconced in napkin or tiny coffee cup, a dainty *boutonniere* of fragrant flowers, as if placed there in recognition of the chivalrous rescuing of Ypiranga's rose upon the night of their first dance, and the books in his library were filled with the faded souvenirs and mute tokens of regard.

Now moonlight, music and flowers are dangerous concomitants of a beautiful woman as far as the peace of a man's heart is concerned. If persistently indulged in, the quartette is ere long completed by the addition of the fourth complement, last, but not least, love, and peace falls in fragments to the ground. It is to be feared that our hero's heart was no stranger to the rule. At first the *Senhora's* southern accent and remarked provincialisms were to him a source of curious amusement; then her captious whims and vague caprices afforded him an infinite amount of pleasure, and finally her womanly accomplishments and grace became unto his life an essential requisite.

As it came to him, so it comes to us all. That indefinable subtleness, that untraceable something, that insidious passion insinuates itself, with wily step and stealthy tread, into the heart, until its enmeshment is unconsciously divulged and Cupid proclaims himself the master.

If the approach of the boy-god was accomplished unawares, his presence was clearly recognized by Thornton, and it must be confessed that he acknowledged that presence with a slight tinge of pain. There was a dash of chagrin in the admission that his heart, which for nearly

twenty years had withstood the seductions of feminine allurements, and defied the storming of Circean batteries, should surrender its bastions and open its portals to the imperceptible influence of this simple child, this unsophisticated *demoiselle*. Yet the more he struggled against the confession, the tighter was the web of conviction drawn around him. The symptoms were unmistakable; clearly his ailment was the heart fever.

If the meshes of his enthrallment were wrought with roses, they, nevertheless, partook somewhat of the characteristics of those which bound the ever-thirsting Tantalus. The desired sweets were perpetually present, apparently attainable, yet ever eluding the extended grasp; for Ypiranga's conduct was not infrequently as tantalizing as it was inexplicable. At times she displayed the winning confidence of a child; upon other occasions her deportment reeked with the prudishness of the Puritan; then again, wrapping herself in a mantle of conventional frigidity, she would congeal one with supercilious hauteur, only to thaw with the seemingly penitential meekness of the *religieuse*. Some days, rushing to the railed gateway, with laughing eye and radiant smile bespeaking the pleasure his neighborhood afforded her, she greeted the young diplomat with expressions of profuse and unfeigned delight; at others, with manner repellent in the extreme, she barely noticed his coming, and, ignoring his presence completely, sat gazing abstractedly into the mountain-rimmed distance or bending assiduously over book or needle, delegating to the *Condessa* or Madame Kafka the entertainment of her guest.

In her most extravagant moods, however, Ypiranga was innocent of rudeness. That *brusquerie*, which in

others would have been deemed uncivil, was so tempered by her dignity of demeanor as to license the vagaries without offence. She was simply capricious and it mattered not how strangely tinged with indifference her deportment was, the pleading nitency of her eyes, accentuating the tender nimbus of ineffable sadness with which they were perpetually environed, negatived any assumption of designed affront and vitiated all resentment.

While Greville chafed at these periods of freakishness, he latently gave lodgment to the pleasurable consciousness that his presence was to the maiden a matter of more than exceptional concern; still, the discovery of the cipher with which to unriddle the mystery was apparently as remote as it was desirable. The language of her glance was not difficult to interpret, yet when in assisting the adjustment of her mantilla one evening, he had attempted to kiss her hand, the advance had been arrested by so severe a display of disapprobation, that the assumption was never repeated. In fact only once had he held her hand in his, and that was attributable more to the accident of necessity than to the offices of her own volition. The occasion was a visit to the majestic falls of Itamaryti; the lovers were accompanied by Madame Kafka and the jaunt required their passage through a lengthy and darkened railway tunnel. At view of the *embouchure* Madame demurred to proceeding, but upon Greville's expatiating upon the beauties of the *cascata* and assuring her that this route constituted the only approach thereto, her reluctance was eventually dissipated.

"I must request that you accept my assistance and permit me to lead you while making this sombre transit," said their escort, addressing both the ladies.

"If *Monsieur* will conduct the *Senhora*, I will follow immediately in your footsteps," replied Madame Kafka good-naturedly. Then it was that Ypiranga gave him her gloved fingers, trembling with disquietude or emotion, and in silent ecstasy Thornton led her through the shadowy passage-way.

Upon their exit, the splendor of Itamaryti revealed its transcendent sublimity; a shrine of liquid argentine, misty berylline and zenith-borrowed *azul*, where water sprite and woodland nymph might worship unperturbed and unmolested, the mighty cascade measuring the flight of time in hydraulic chant and hydrosopic calends, its dissilient globules sparkling in the dazzling radiance of the noon-tide sky. In its dual descent the foaming, seething water of the cataract, situated in the very heart of the mountains, was arrested, after its first mad leap of forty feet, by a solid rocky basin of immense area, far above the swaying tree-tops; then, shoaling away to the opposite end of the huge natural reservoir, the river, as if incited to greater impetuosity, in its second plunge, with a broad current so translucent that the ledge of the rock was plainly visible beneath, fell a hundred feet into the angry swirling depths below, its jutting spray causing lurking rainbows to perpetually dance and hover over dainty bridal-veils woven with the warp of froth and woof of foam.

After an arduous ascent the visitors reached the upper falls and, walking out upon the flat white rock, gazed down upon the granite-ribbed caldron of ebullient crystal and mist-barred outlet of o'erleaping, irisated flood. The graceful bamboos bent their symmetrical lengths tremulously as they afforded perch to the quivering weight

of some belated *rouxinol*; swiftly-scudding, silent clouds turned their flame-flecked fleeces earthward and intensified the sierra's purple indentations; pale passion flowers, wafting invisible incense from fragile censers breathed mute orison, while breeze-tossed palms bowed their crests in homage before the sylvan temple where water-gods did reverence and hydriads gave praise.

Ypiranga was in her happiest mood and it seemed to Greville as if the felicity of his soul was reflected in the bright sunshine and smiling waters. There was nought save Madame Kafka's presence to mar his perfect bliss, but Madame was conveniently deaf and accommodatingly blind, continually manifesting an absorbing interest in some newly-found wild flower or obligingly exploring the inumbrated recesses of slightly-removed nooks, thus allowing her companions ample opportunity for exchanging those sweet nothings to which all lovers are prone.

"You have never spoken to me of your early life, Ypiranga," he said half complainingly as he swished the hurrying water with the steeled end of his Alpen stock.

"Ah," she replied smilingly, "it is a very simple and uninteresting story. I can recall neither father nor mother and my earliest recollections are the white walls, gloomy corridors and barred windows of an old convent, inseparably associated with unremitting monotony and languid-footed shadows. Life was very peaceful there but intensely prosaic. While I believe that I was a general favorite with the 'irmandade' (sisterhood), two of the sisters, Manuelita and Cyniska, always lavished upon me an exceptional store of affection—indeed it seemed to be an affection engendered by the most profound pity.

"One evening, when I was presumed to be sleeping, the door of the dormitory opened and I beheld Sister Manu-elita approaching my bed with a lighted lamp in her hand which she placed upon the chair by my pillow. Feigning slumber I lay perfectly quiet while she turned back the covers a little way and stood gazing sadly and compassionately at me. Drawing a large silver crucifix from the folds of her robe she fell upon her knees and held the sacred emblem aloft as though in anguished supplication. She was praying, but her petition was inaudible. Then rising she left the room for a few moments and returned, followed by Sister Cyniska. They both regarded me attentively and the former whispered solicitously in her companion's ear. What she said, I was unable to discern except the closing remark, 'Is it not so?' Sister Cyniska hesitated a moment and then, placing her hand upon her heart, answered, 'Yes, it is, I fear, as he said.' What this suppressed conversation portended, was to me then a mystery, but its after-knowledge filled my existence with futile prayer and permeated its atmosphere with the saline grief of impotent tears. The purport of that knowledge I do not care to communicate to you at present, as it will benefit neither you nor myself."

When she had finished speaking, her lips were quivering palpably and Thornton fancied that her eye studiously avoided his.

"I thank you for what confidence you have so far seen fit to repose in me," he said, bending his head appreciatively, "but when your school days were finished, what then?"

"After quitting the convent," she continued, "I returned to my home in São Paulo, and though my freedom was less prescribed, I found but little diversity of amusement. With my pony, music, brush and books I managed to pass the days pleasantly enough, but I confess to a longing for other surroundings and other possibilities. Companions I had not, and though I love my brother with an intensity that would induce me to willingly sacrifice my life for his, yet I do not speak to him, nor have I so done for years; do not ask me why."

Strange, strange creature, mentally observed Greville, and as he chronicled the day's record that evening, perplexing mystery tempered the elysian sweets of its memory with the bitterness of the aloë.

One sunny afternoon found the *Chargé* accompanying the *Condessa* Figuerando, Madame Kafka and Ypiranga in a drive over the national highway trending toward Cascatinha. At the *barreira* Westphalia they encountered *Senhor* Cunha, President of the *Camara Municipal* and chief director in the *Bolsa*. The *Senhor* was reputed to be the possessor of inexhaustible wealth and the princely mansion which he was just completing within earshot of the *barreira*, would seem to be an irrefutable substantiation of the reputation.

While the holding of great possessions is not incompatible with the simultaneous occupancy of high official position, yet the innuendoes concerning the manner of Cunha's acquisition of wealth were not of the most savory character.

After an exchange of the courtesies of the day and introduction to her companions, the *Condessa* expressed a desire to view the interior of the President's 'quinta' (villa).

"Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to conduct you through my mountain home. Pardon me if I pronounce it a jewel, though the *Senhora* Cunha fears she will find it very lonely and insists that she cannot content herself a week within its isolated walls," responded the millionaire urbanely, and the party turned aside to inspect the palace where the display of lavish adornment in hall and salon, gallery and chamber, suggested the inexhaustible treasures of Aladdin for its creation, and the gratification of merest caprice seemed the open *sesame* of fabulous store.

The introspection completed, Cunha withdrew with his guests to a quiet corner of the terrace where they seated themselves upon a group of drawing-room furniture in chiselled stone. Comfortable reclining chairs and sofas represented tree-stumps around which adamantine pumpkin vines were clambering, the large bloom and leaves constituting the back, the yellow fruit itself forming the arm-rests, companioned by divans, ottomans, foot-stools and cushions in rich coloring, replete with cord, fringe and tassel, each fold, flock and tuft being faithfully portrayed in the polished rock. In the centre, its Lisbon slab delicately poised upon a marble sheaf of dainty callas, a small table displayed in prospective hospitality several bottles of rare wines, rich in *bouquet* and ancient in vintage, with which the cellars of the 'quinta' had been providently stocked, and beneath the grateful adumbration of overhanging *trepadeira* and *flor-da-paixão* the hours slipped away in innocent libation and congenial colloquy.

Thornton, who had frequently passed the villa in his daily outings, recalled the fact that a few hundred paces

away grew an area of delicious wild raspberries, and having repeatedly heard Ypiranga express her fondness for the fruit, proposed a visit to the plot. The *Senhora* was delighted at the suggestion, insisting upon an immediate visit, but when Madame Kafka complained of fatigue, the *Condessa* declined to quit her weary companion. After considerable parley it was agreed to allow Ypiranga and her escort to undertake the expedition alone, the locality, belted by a group of acacias, being barely removed from the range of vision commanded by those at the villa. What transpired during the half-hour's absence must be assigned to Cupid's felicitous art of conjecture, or the yare brush of love's warm imagination for depiction; but suffice it to say that in describing the visit in a subsequent letter to a friend, Thornton closed its recital with the sentence, "and I found the berries very sweet."

The ramble seemed to have left a strange impression upon Ypiranga and she hugged its memory close to her rapturous heart.

Afterwards, in a moment of temerous confidence, she declared to her lover that then for the first time in her life, had she been alone with a gentleman; and this is why, in framing her fond *adieux*, just prior to quitting Petropolis for the Capital Federal, upon the 4 o'clock p. m. express, they found couchment in the significantly tender expression :

"I shall never forget the raspberries."

CHAPTER V.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

AFTER the *Condessa* and her fair charge had quitted Petropolis for Rio de Janeiro, the visits of Greville Thornton to the Capital Federal were of much greater frequency and more prolonged duration than the business of the Legation necessitated.

The *Conde Figuerando* had secured for the ladies apartments at the 'Candados,' the fashionable *pensão* of the city, giving upon Rua Larangeiras, society's most exclusive neighborhood—fair Larangeiras, with its swaying arches of royal palms and miles of marble façades—bright Larangeiras, with its white stretches of glistening sands and succession of tessellated paves—glittering Larangeiras, with its interminable lengths of gilded railings and resplendent rows of sun-painted palaces—merry Larangeiras, sonant with the mirth of maidens' merriment and chimes of heart-reaching cathedral bells—gay Larangeiras, with its hundreds of smartly-equipped equipages, emblazoned trappings and livery, and dainty burthens of be-laced and be-jewelled *senhoras* and its promenades lined with flashily bedizened military officers—dreamy Larangeiras, unrolling its panorama of scenic beauty from out the sleeping shadows of Corcovado to the bustling Largo do Machado, where, to the drowsy Brazilian, life is painfully alive and existence cruelly alert.

To Thornton the hours seemed as the flitting of some butterfly amid gardens of floral sweets and fields of roses, the days floated on as clouds of sun-lit glory in a summer sky and life was to him truly an ideal existence. He felt as one moving in a dream and the spell of the lotus-eater was upon him. Each day found him wandering with the woman he loved amid the splendors, natural and artificial, of that enchanting tropical city or visiting its charmingly picturesque environments.

On the violet brow of lofty Corcovado, rising directly from the heart of the city, its *pico* hanging as a "liberty-cap" over the clustered spires and minarets, the morning often found them gazing down upon the world at their feet, a wilderness of houses on land and forests of masts upon the shipping lying in the mountain-locked bay; the whole a wonderful grouping of all that is grandest and most beautiful in nature, with that which is most comely and signal in human endeavor. Returning, the descent was generally made by way of bewitching Sylvestre with its miles of ancient aqueduct masonry, which for a century and a half has defied the onslaught of time, its pleasing drives, its lines of tuya trees and marvellous *Plano Inclinado*.

The late afternoons were usually devoted to strolling through the world-famous avenue of royal palms at the Jardim Botânico, to view which a celebrated writer has pronounced well worth a visit to Brazil, or to gathering shells by the white shores of Copacabana or Ponta do Caju. Again they roamed through the abandoned halls of dreary magnificence within the deserted palaces of São Christovão and Nova Friburgo, or visited the zoölogical

gardens where Ypiranga delighted to feed the African ostrich and tease the gilded *araras*.

Their favorite resort, however, was the Passeio Publico, the most beautiful and exclusive of Rio's public gardens. This charming park, facing upon the Largo da Lapa, with its wealth of dark tamarind trees, its maze of winding paths and labyrinth of cool retreats, its tasteful disposition of exotic and indigenous plants and its tinkling cascades, is a triumph of arboreal grouping and floral effect which nature and the horticulturist have combined to achieve.

Upon the side fronting the bay an extended, elevated terrace, with stone balustrade and pave of stippled marquetry skirts the water, and to the left rises the cathedral-crowned pinnacle of 'Morro da Gloria,' its summit reached by a winding flight of steps cut in the living rock. A portion of the 'Gloria' hill has been utilized as a marine observatory station where the naked skeletons of its huge semaphores stand out in gruesome distinctness.

Within the garden numerous statues, mirrored in the glassy surface of many clear pools, loom out resplendent from the dark background of evergreen shrubbery, embellishing the serpentine promenades whose swaying vines overhead are duplicated by moving shadows below, and whether its inviting retreats and sparkling fountains are seen in the daytime, or its shadowy, gas-lighted paths and crowded terrace in the cool of the evening, with sounds of music stealing softly through the foliage, the Passeio Publico creates one of the most pleasant recollections of Rio de Janeiro and stamps upon the visitor's memory an impression that is as indelible as it is delightful.

One evening when the after-glow was upon the sky, and its saffron shroud began to glint here and there with

the unsteady light of heaven's gloaming-born jewels; when the blue stretch of the bay swept from the beach at their feet to the dark outline of the sea whose sullen swells fell in froth at the rocky bases of cannon-mounted Santa Cruz and Villegagnon; when each spire and thole, cross, minaret and dome seemed touched with the holy radiance of ethereal flame and a gibbous moon glanced askant at the glorious *cruz do sul*, Ypiranga and Thornton loitered by the stone balustrade of the Passeio's terrace.

It was yet too early for the promenading throng and Madame Kafka, who had been absorbedly watching a flock of *yapus* in a wire cage, was now as intently toying with a black New Zealand swan that rested lazily upon the miniature lake. A solitary boat, wherein a 'pescador' (fisherman) had been angling, was being propelled homeward with lazy stroke of oar and the rich voice of the occupant, chanting a sunset melody in unison with thud of paddle, was floating over the water.

"How sweetly he sings," said Ypiranga, "and how romantic his lone boat at this hour. Do you know that to me there is something ineffably sad in a moonlight night, and especially so upon the water? I have sometimes imagined I could almost hear my soul's cry in the splash of the oar-broken wave and compared its immensurate longings to the dreamy glister of the troubled water, born but to sigh and perish."

"*Senhora*, you are morbid to-night," replied her lover. "Why will you always encompass your spirit with an atmosphere of melancholy? You are young, beautiful and wealthy; life spreads out before you its fairest fields and gilded opportunities. Were you reaping the after-math of existence, or had crossed its snow-line,

when the reflected light of experience, bitter or aught else, tinges the clouds of contemplation with a cold and sombre hue, an excuse for such moodiness might well be found ; but with all the possibilities that I have suggested at your feet, and in this land of sunshine and flowers, how can you dwell so perpetually in sadness? This very day I so felt the inspiration with which your glorious country infects one, that I put my happiness into poetical expression—here it is, will you listen?”

She nodded smilingly.

“What heart beneath these gilded hills
Can know a touch of sorrow?
Laved by the opalescent tides
Of laughing Guanabara.

“What soul within this rapturous clime
Can dream aught of the morrow?
Where love and light, and life and bliss
Form the *incantadora*.

“If on this earth there chance to be
The long-sought El Dorado,
'Tis found a-down the sunny vales
That sleep 'neath Corcovado.”

“*Como lindo*,” she exclaimed when he had finished.
“Yes, yonder mountain is immutable; the golden sunshine is perpetual and the blue waters, though broken and driven by every breath of wind, will last always. It is this immutability, this fixedness that renders nature perpetually beautiful and happy; but with mortals, with me, all is change and uncertainty. Death may be the glimmering bar, a little way across which lies the delectable beyond, the harbor of peace and blissfulness;

or it may be the portal of oblivion or ceaseless unrest, its entrance-way illumined by the last ray of expiring hope with which the weary traveller, as he passes over, parts forever."

She finished with a sigh-born breath. Her *mantilha* had dropped back from her fair face which glistened in the moonlight as the visage of a spectre, and her hands lay tightly clasped upon her trembling knee.

Greville was silent for a moment and then, extending his arm as though he would embrace her, said softly :

"Tell me, Ypiranga, are all São Paulo women as white-souled as the little dove that came to me from Yguasú?"

"Ah! *Senhor*," she sighed, "you do not know me. I am no 'pombinha' (little dove); on the contrary I oft-times feel as uncanny as a bird of prey. I fain would fly from the monotony of the cote, quit the shelter of the eaves. The cooing of that love-bird is torture to my ear. I would rather be the strong *xofrango* that hovers over the harbor on the breast of the wind, that defies the storm and mocks the billow; it is so proud, so peerless, so self-reliant. I yearn to fly to strange countries and other lands that lie beyond the sea—to the unknown."

"But, Ypiranga, you are not fitted to thus battle against the elements of life; you would soon be carried out to the dark sea of peril, sin and temptation and perish in the wave. You are fashioned to flit only from bough to bough in the paradise of love. Your delicate pinions would only enable you to drift over placid seas and in summer woods—they could not contend against the storms of trial and adversity. You need a sheltering solicitude, a guiding hand and protecting care to companion you through life; and oh!

Ypiranga, may that solicitude, that hand, that care be mine—only let me lead you and I promise you smooth paths, elysian fields, placid waters and bowers of love and happiness, if untiring affection, unceasing devotion can supply them.”

She rose excitedly to her feet.

“Do not speak thus, *Senhor*, it is inopportune ; there can be nothing but unrest for me—an unrest that must as surely end in terror, torture and annihilation of all the sweets that this glad earth affords, as it is certain that yonder moon will set to-night. Come, Madame Kafka grows impatient ; we must return to her.”

CHAPTER VI.

HIDDEN WATERS.

IMMEDIATELY opposite the Passeio, some four miles across the bay, lies the city of Nictheroy (Hidden Waters), a conglomeration of straggling villages and the Capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro.

Originally an humble village containing a few huts of Indians and 'pescadors,' with the ubiquitous 'igreja' (church), its charming beaches of Itapuca, Icarahy, Domingos and Jurujuba have, with their incomparable sites and enchanting vistas, so attracted the attention of the wealthy as places of abode, that its population now numbers upwards of fifteen thousand souls. The old portion of the city still retains its ancient name of Praia Grande, and so secluded and land-locked are many of its bays, that one may pass them in entering the harbor without being aware of their existence.

Monsieur Kafka had taken up his official residence at Nictheroy, occupying an antiquated palace upon the Rua do Souza and here Ypiranga spent much of her time, strolling with her lover over its white beaches and through its ravishing environments. It was their favorite divertisement at evening to watch the great revolving flame of the 'pharol' (light-house) illumining the entrance to the bay, with its alternate, blinding flashes of red and white sweeping for many leagues the bosom of the sea, search-

ing, Ypiranga said, for the secrets of the human heart as well as the occult possessions of old ocean's breast, which it so faithfully sought to descry.

One soft summer night found the *Senhora* reclining in her hammock, upon the broad vine-clad gallery of the palace, singing a mellifluous southern madrigal, accompanied by a few dulcet chords of the mandolin which rested in her lap.

Too greatly absorbed to hear the clanging of the heavy iron gate which admitted her lover, she was ignorant of his presence as he stood in mute transport beneath the concealing shade of a contiguous acacia. Out over the sparkling sands and parterres of moon-caressed flowers her sweet voice floated in the balmy air of the night till its sad pathos was drowned by the lapping waves of Jurujuba's bay and its sadder echo lost in the sighing of the summer wind. The measure was one peculiar to Brazil, the simple lines she sang running thus :

As I came over the hills
 With Fausta, dear Fausta,
 I heard the murmuring rills
 Of laughing Cachamby.
 As I rambled through the glade
 With Fausta, dear Fausta,
 I pressed the lips of the maid,
 As sweet as honey be.

The bamboos dark were bending
 To Fausta, dear Fausta ;
 The royal palms were sending
 A loyal welcome too.
 The *rouxinol* was trilling
 To Fausta, dear Fausta,
 Its notes delicious thrilling
 My soul with passion true.

There never aught was sweeter
Than Fausta, dear Fausta.
Her luscious eye *bonito*,
A soft and deep *azul*.
Fair as the morn's *estrella*
Is Fausta, dear Fausta ;
I worship this *donzella*,
The pride of all Brazil.

"And so do I," said Thornton, emerging from behind the acacia, "can you divine who she is?"

"Ah! *Senhor*, how you frightened me," she exclaimed in startled surprise. "You deserve to be dismissed most peremptorily for your eavesdropping."

"The *Senhora* must remember that when I came she was singing, and to interrupt such melody were a far greater crime than that with which she charges me."

"Always flattering," she replied half reproachfully, "you seem to deem me only fit to whisper pretty nothings to."

"You forget, Ypiranga, that that which comes from the heart is the quintessence of sincerity, and I never speak to you save from my heart. I would gladly have remained all night listening to your song."

"Well," she answered, "I am glad that you came; the moonlight makes me melancholy and I was simply singing for want of some better diversion. Now that you are here, I know that you will accord me a recital of those pretty verses which you promised yesterday."

"No, *querida*, you must excuse me to-night. I have written you a little poem which I wish you to read when I am gone, but I prefer speaking to you while I have the opportunity," and he tossed a folded paper in her lap. She picked it up quietly and placed it in her bosom.

He watched her gravely and stood for some minutes in silence before her.

"Pray be seated," she exclaimed pettishly; "it is extremely awkward for you to be standing before me in that manner."

He drew a divan toward him and sat down at her feet.

"Ypiranga," he began, "I have again come to plead my cause before you. To entreat you to grant me that one sweet thing which I crave, without which this beautiful world, aye, life itself, is a merciless blank. If you do not love me, have you at least no pity for me? Only be mine and I, with years of patient perseverance, will teach you love and all the bliss that it implies. How can you be so cold, so cruel and so heartless?"

"Ah! *Senhor*, if by the light of yonder moon you could only read the secret of my heart; would that the flash of that 'pharol' could penetrate my bosom and reveal it to you in all its hideous characters. *Senhor*, there lies buried there something which I cannot tell you; something which you must not know. Unfortunately for me, unfortunately for you, you have learned from my eyes the existence of that passion which is killing me, that love which is consuming me, which I should blush to own, should die rather than confess. Heart-hunger is far more unbearable than the pangs of physical starvation. The latter has oftentimes driven its victims to self-destruction, and I marvel not that those who suffer that which I now endure, should wittingly seek its surcease in the shades of the beyond. O! *Senhor*, how it grieves me to tell you this; my heart is breaking at its recital; but if you love me, you will leave me—you will quit me forever and never see me again."

"Hush, *Senhora*, you must not speak thus, I will not hear it. Much would I prefer to feel the cold steel of the stiletto, guided by your fair hand, pierce my heart through and through than to have my soul receive such cruel, such mortal thrusts from your dear lips. As long as life endures, as long as there exists a spark of vitality within my bosom, I will never quit you. I will wait till I perish in the waiting. I will follow you to the ends of the earth—you can not evade me. Our lives are together eternally and inseparably linked. Thou art I and I am thou. 'Twere an easier task by far to deprive the stars of their radiance, the sun of its glory than to divide me from that which gives me life."

He was upon his knees before her with arms extended, pleading for hope, for mercy.

"Alas! *Senhor*," she cried, "you wot not what you are saying. Have I not protested that there can never be aught between us? You must quit me."

"Ypiranga," he continued, "must we forever walk with hands unclasped? Is this gulf a bridgeless sea? Have you taken all the laughter out of life—its glad sunshine? Have you tortured, ruined, wrecked me? Is there nothing left for me? It is a fearful thing to love as I love thee. Can you give me no hope? Tell me that I may yet some day call you mine."

She trembled violently and reached out her hand as though to place it upon his eyes to shut out from her their burning light. Then she withdrew it and exclaiming huskily, "*Nunca*" (never), rushed into the hallway, leaving him kneeling, pale and pitiful, in the clear moonlight.

Entering her chamber, the girl threw herself upon the couch and gave way to abandoned sobbing. Thus she

lay for an hour when she arose and outstretched her arms appealingly to the empty air. The paper that he had given her fell from her bosom to the floor. She stooped to reclaim it, pressed it to her lips and by the dim light of a wax taper read the lines :

Oh ! Nictheroy, loved Nictheroy,
What mem'ries round me clamber
As I recall thy slumb'ring bays
Of lazuli and amber.

Oh ! 'Hidden Waters,' rhythmic name ;
Thou child of Indian christ'ning,
With minarets and gilded spires
In sun-kissed vistas glist'ning.

Thy palm-environed esplanades
And flower-enrobed *sobrados*,
Fit only for a dream-land queen ;
Doces sonhos dourados.

'Tis not for these, O ! city fair,
That lies beyond the water,
My rapt soul pants unspeakably,
But for thy dove-eyed daughter.

When she had finished she clutched at her heart, and her breath came hard and heavy. Her brain seemed afire, her very veins as though filled with liquid flame. God help her. 'What memories round me clamber ;' what did he mean ? A memory implied the recalling of a distant object or that which was of the past ; was he going to leave her ? But had she not bade him go ; would he do so ?

"Heaven keep him near me," she cried, and rushing to the window, flung back the curtains. Greville was standing by the acacia with bowed head and folded arms.

She was impulsed to throw open the casement and call to him, but a second reflection preponderated and she remained mute, hot tears streaming down her cheeks. She loved him deeply, wildly, madly; more than he would ever know. He had conjured her as though pleading for his soul, and yet she told him "*nunca.*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BURGLARY.

IT was the close of a torrid afternoon late in February. All day long the Capital Federal had languished beneath the fierce heat of a pitiless sun, just fallen behind the flaming horizon and leaving as an earnest of its cruel incineration, a mass of baking bricks and glowing masonry, exhaling a radiation, the temperature of which was little less than that of the ember.

The narrow compass of the Ouvidor, ablaze with its display of jewelry, silks and costly fabrics, swarmed with a throng of sweltering humanity, and into its plethoric crush the Quitanda, Ourives and other intersecting thoroughfares disgorged their contributions of human discomfiture. The Juno-breasted denizens of the "Black Horse Square" and dissolute frequenters of the obnoxious Rua do Lavradio lolled with panting breath and exhausted vitality, in the bisected doorways of their filth-reeking habitations, while flea-scourged canines, with protruding tongues and despairing glances, sought feeble relief from the appalling heat in the reeking sluices of the squalid gutters, where naked children of every hue and shade wallowed in slime, sludge and corruption. Over the huge stone blocks of the execrably paved Uruguayana rumbled the ponderous *carne verde* vans, with their cargoes of semi-putrid meat, and the stench of the 'mercado do peixe' (fish

market) was insufferable to all save native olfactories. Along the *caes*, be vies of half nude *cargadors* lounged upon the ragged sea-wall within the shadow of the tall *trapiches* and *armazens* of decaying fruit, greasing their brawny, sun-blistered arms and laving their feet in the tepid water of the docks, engaging the meanwhile in ejaculations of obscenity and anathema.

Above this mephitic of fetid pollution arose the gray dome of the 'Alfandega' (Custom House), its gloomy outlines accentuated in *silhouette* against the yellow flare of the evanescent after-glow, and the soft 'angelus' of the ancient, yet uncompleted, 'Candelaria,' with its elaborate paintings by Meissonier, its magnificent proportions and century of uninterrupted construction, floated over the pandemonium of vulgar ribaldry and mortal execration as though breathing a benison of sweet peace and benign compassion.

When the sun-set bells had ceased their song and the sun-set fires had gone, night closed in swiftly and silently upon the scene. The overweening brow of Corcovado grew sombre, sad and sear, till, fading with the paling ray, it passed into the invisible as each ghostly peak of its compatriots, mingling with the falling shadow, stole one by one away; while from across the waters of Botafogo came the far-flashing lights of the 'Escola Militar' dancing upon the waves as approaching phalanxes of spirits of flame.

The death rate had been exceedingly large that day, and yellow fever unremitting in its work of decimation, the number of its victims reaching well-nigh to two hundred. Through the streets, *beccos* and alleys, the mortuary car of the 'Santa Casa da Misericordia' rolled

with gruesome despatch, picking its way by the sickly glare of a solitary candle penetrating its cone-shaped, paper guard, rendered translucent by oiling, which the attendant held high above his head in search of the already decomposing cadavers.

Death held high carnival, yet Rio de Janeiro, with its population of eight hundred thousand souls, smiled grimly at the passing cortege.

From the Italian quarter came the passes of the dance and sounds of merry-making, the wild measures of the rondo and voice of the violin. *Café, botiquim* and vaudeville rang with their harlequinades, revelry and mirth, while the night air was sonant with the doleful music of the *casache* vender's organ and graveolent with the fumes of the ubiquitous cigarette. From the marbled mansions of the palace-lined *Larangeiras* came the soft notes of harp and mandolin, the dulcet sweets of zithern and *senhora's* laughter, and the lights of the brilliantly illumined salons of the aristocratic *Praias Flamengo* and *Vermelha* twinkled toward the sea only to be duplicated by lantern-festooned barges and gondolas floating dreamily on each placid cove and tiny estuary.

Frivolity snapped her fingers in the face of the "grim reaper" and defiantly bade him do his worst, folly courted pestilence with the assiduity of the *roué* and the curtain of temporary oblivion had been rung down upon sorrow, suffering and disease, for abandon held the boards.

Over the carcasses of moribund dogs and around the corpses of defunct mules passed the carriage wheels of the wealthy, en route to the *Theatro Lyrico*, Rio's most famous playhouse. For the past two weeks flaming placards had announced that *Mdlle. Sara Bernhardt* would this night

appear in the rôle of Cleopatra, and the elite of the city was there assembling to witness the advent of the divine *tragedienne*.

The interior of the theatre was filled to plethora with an admiring, aristocratic audience, and, resplendent with jewels, rich attire and feminine beauty, the proscenium boxes scintillated as lambent visions of fulgency caught only in seraphic dreams of Arcadia.

Suddenly a prolonged fanfare burst from the orchestra and the brilliant assemblage arose *en masse* to welcome the incoming of Vice-President Peixoto, or *Marechal* Floriano, as he was more generally termed, and then the deep-toned measures of Brazil's national hymn swept over the conflux of loyal ovation and demonstrative enthusiasm. The royal *camarote* had been artistically decorated with the Brazilian colors for the occasion of Executive occupancy, yet one could not but painfully recall that these same devotees had, in their sycophantic homage, applauded as lustily and worshipped as servilely, at the famous ball on 'Ilha Fiscal,' the unfortunate Dom Pedro Segundo just three days prior to his dethronement and enforced expatriation when intrigue for that dethronement was rife, well-nigh to execution, within their treacherous hearts.

In the *loge* immediately opposite the President's box sat the *Conde* and *Condessa* Figuerando, *Monsieur* and *Madame* Kafka, the *Senhora* Ypiranga and Greville Thornton. Ypiranga, habited in a Parisian robe of white silk which served to intensify the extreme pallor of her face, her fair throat encircled by a strand of purest diamonds and a superb tiara, companioned by a single creamy Noisette, compassing her rich tresses, outwitted the

fairest of the regal beauties of the imposing assemblage. She wore her most engaging smile, tempered with that soft tinge of sadness which never forsook her, and, in her incomparable loveliness, was the centre of overt remark and unconcealed admiration. To her lover she appeared as some angel of transcendent beauty from the spirit-land, and the intense fire that burned beneath her long lashes, as though her very soul was wrapped up in the words and gestures of the famous actress, perfected the similitude.

La Bernhardt played her happiest and all went well until the rendition was half completed when the *Senhora*, whose rounded arm had been resting on the velvet rail of the *loge*, suddenly allowed her fan to fall into her lap as a suppressed cry of pain escaped from her firmly compressed lips. Placing her hand upon her heart, she turned appealingly to Madame Kafka and laid her head on that lady's shoulder.

"What ails the child?" exclaimed Madame. "Fetch some water; go quickly; do you not see that the *Senhora* has fainted?"

The *Conde* and Greville hastened to the crush room in search of the simple restorative.

Figuerando, being familiar with the building, returned first with a glass of water but was closely followed by his companion bearing a beaker of Italian vermouth. Ypiranga was now half reclining in one of the cushioned alcoves and, as her lover solicitously bent over her shoulder while she sipped the revivifying cordial, he exclaimed in passionate breath:

"Tell me, *coraçãozinha* (dear little heart), what is the matter? What has happened?"

"*Nada*," she replied languidly. "I am better now—only take me home."

"We must return at once to the *Pensão*," said the *Condessa*.

"And summon a physician immediately," interposed Madame Kafka. "She is better now, but a relapse may occur at any moment; we cannot go too soon."

Drawing her opera cloak around her trembling form, Thornton was about to assist Ypiranga to the carriage, when she halted in her hesitating advance and raising her hand protestingly exclaimed:

"*Pego-lhe mil desculpas*, the *Senhors* will aid me."

The *Chargé* bit his lip with chagrin but drew back deferentially as the *Conde* and Consul-General half carried the swooning girl to the waiting landau. Here the cushions were arranged as comfortably as possible and entering the vehicle, M. Kafka accompanied the ladies to the 'Candados,' while Figuerando and Greville followed close behind in a public *carruagem* from the Largo da Carioca.

Reaching the hotel, Thornton devoted his attention to the married ladies exclusively and, having conducted them to the *salão*, went immediately in search of a physician. While the *medico* ministered to the young patient, he attended in the smoking room below, and when a *criada* finally announced that the *Senhora* needed only quiet for complete restoration, left the apartment with a sigh of relief.

A bright moon hung over the bay across which glinted the lights of Nictheroy and the signal lanterns of the vessels lying in the harbor, and Greville decided to stroll to his hotel by way of the Praias Botafogo and Flamengo.

Along one side of these handsome esplanades stretched the palaces of the wealthy, the other side being buttressed by a continuous serpentine sea-wall against which the waters of the bay perpetually dash. A slight breeze had arisen and the plash of the waves made piteous moan to the stroller's ear.

At a break in the abutment, where a flight of stone steps, for the use of bathers, descended to the water, he loitered and stood with his elbows upon the coping, watching the restless billows as he compared their perturbed crests to the disquietude of his own heart. Love had brought him naught save pain, yet the impetuosity of his passion appeared as irresistible as the impetus of the tides and lashed him to greater infelicity and unrest. He would fain have burst asunder the shackles of his thralldom, but they held him as securely as the ponderous anchor-chains tethered the huge ships lying in the bay. He sighed helplessly and stared vacantly around him. Here and there appeared at the windows of the adjacent houses the faintly-outlined figure of some drowsy domestic awaiting the return of belated mistress from the theatre, while the distant tintinnabulation of the tram-mule's bell and the weird "t̃schu" of the street sweeper, with his clumsy, rumbling cart, drawn by a solitary, patient ox, were the only signs of life extant.

Then the loiterer proceeded slowly onward and when about the centre of the Praia Flamengo, halted to light a "Bahia" behind the jutting angle of a fashionable *Pensão*. The flame of the *allumette* had scarcely been extinguished when approaching footsteps aroused his attention and for the first time he observed a 'padaria' cart at the curb before the door of the *Pensão*. The hour was unusually

late for the delivery of bread, but in a land where extravagant quaintness of customs is continually encountered and the exception to the rule finds a stricter observance than the rule itself, a foreigner ceases to wonder or conjecture, finding it less inconvenient and less irksome to accept unquestioned the anomalies as they are presented.

Two men with hats drawn low on the brow emerged from the *Pensão*, bearing a covered basket between them, and Thornton drew further back into the shadow of the projecting buttress as they advanced toward the cart.

"Are you quite sure that nothing was left behind?" asked one of the men in a smothered voice.

"Yes," was the low rejoinder, "we have brought every thing with us; even the tools."

Raising the cover of the vehicle, the taller of the two placed the basket within, but as he did so, a small object fell, with a metallic ring, upon the pave.

"*Caramba!* you have dropped the key," muttered the tall man's companion, and they both stooped in nervous search therefor by the dim light of a small bull's-eye lantern. As they bent forward a ray of the flame fell upon their faces and Greville caught sight of a pair of flashing, black eyes, a dark, extremely handsome countenance and crisp, curling, raven locks: it was the face of the smaller of the twain and one never to be forgotten. The visage of the other presented only its profile to view and that was partially concealed by the soft slouch hat which he wore, but from beneath its broad pendent brim protruded the purple delineation of a hideous scar.

They searched for some moments, when a cry of exultation proclaimed that the missing key had been found and the two men leaped upon the seat of the cart. At this

juncture Thornton began to realize that something wrong was transpiring, and emerging from his place of coverture, he rushed toward the vehicle, crying, "*Espera, espera.*"

A low, derisive laugh was the only response to the challenge, and with a merciless blow of the thong upon the flanks of his mule, the driver moved away amid muttered oaths, leaving the challenger standing in dismay upon the curb.

When the *Chargé* retired that night, the 'padaria' cart was rattling over the Imperial highway that leads toward Petropolis.

The next morning *O Paiz*, the leading daily journal of the Capital, announced in flaring caption that during the performance of the previous evening Mdlle. Bernhardt's *Pensão* had been entered and jewels, to the amount of 250,000 francs, stolen therefrom. "It was to be regretted that Rio's reputation for hospitality should be thus sullied during Mdlle.'s visit, and though detectives of exceptional astuteness had been detailed to ferret out the perpetrators of the crime, at the hour of writing not the slightest clue as to their identity existed."

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERY.

THREE days after the theft of Mdle. Bernhardt's jewels Thornton returned to Petropolis.

What course to pursue with his knowledge relative to the burglars, was a question not easy of solution. La Bernhardt naturally desired a restitution of her lost property and it would seem to be his duty to assist her in its recovery to the extent of the value of the facts in his possession by imparting those facts to the proper authorities. This much would he himself require of his fellow-man, were he similarly circumstanced. It would be but the exercise of a beneficent impulse which characterizes all intercourse between men of honor. But upon the other hand, what was to be gained by a divulgence of his meagre association with the incident which transpired upon the night of the burglary? It was quite clear that while he would recognize anywhere the haunting face of the handsome malefactor, there were thousands of men in Brazil with just such flashing eyes and dark skin, thus rendering any description void of a more positive character, utterly valueless. Equally clear was it that though the glimpse which he obtained of the scar upon the visage of the taller man sufficed to furnish him with the moral proof of identity, yet he was forced to acknowledge to himself that with this slender vehicle of identification

alone he could not conscientiously appear before the authorities and swear away the liberty of Marcus Ribeiro. It is true that his suspicions were amply sufficient to justify him in effecting the apprehension of the Italian and compelling him, if innocent, to prove an alibi; but with the colony of compatriots that infested the vicinity, such proof might be readily obtainable, even where guilt dominated, and the enmity of the brawny villain was not a belonging pleasant to contemplate.

Moreover, any publicity of the matter would invite attention to his relations with Consuela—relations perfectly harmless in themselves to be sure, but the world is very censorious, very intolerant and prone to condemnation, and he did not care to assume any notoriety that could be provocative of naught save uncharitable comment.

In his dilemma Greville determined to petition the advice of the hermit, Honoré. Since his first visit to the recluse, their acquaintance had ripened into a firm friendship, for despite the old man's idiopathic temperament, the *Chargé* had learned to respect and admire him. There was a manliness of demeanor, an honesty of conviction, a fearlessness of expression and force of individuality in Padrinho's composition which never failed to impress those with whom he came in contact.

The morning hour was late and Thornton would not be able to reach the hermitage before noon, but this he reckoned propitious as it insured his finding Honoré at home. The determination was at once put into execution and after an arduous climb he arrived at the *chuchu*-covered gate of split bamboo. He did not use the knocker, but taking from his pocket a key with which his aged friend had supplied him, unlocked the barrier

and proceeded toward the brow of the hill. Reaching the *casa*, he gave several sharp raps upon the door.

"*Qui est-ce qui est la ?*" came from within.

"It is I ; Greville Thornton."

"Ah, *Senhor*, welcome. I have just given my ankle a slight sprain at the *cascata* and pray you to excuse me a moment until I have finished bathing it with colza oil ; my brandy *carafe* is empty. Enter and make yourself comfortable ; I shall join you shortly."

"Can I not aid you ?" enquired the visitor, entering the reception room.

"No ; a thousand thanks, *Senhor*. I am nearly through, now. Be seated and rest yourself."

Greville sat down and took from the centre table a copy of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. He had turned over but a few leaves when he started with surprise as his eye fell upon four magnificent gems lying on the table at his elbow ; two, cold, white and matchless, shimmering in the vertical ray of an intruding sunbeam, as though imprisoning the happy radiance of paradise, the remaining dark ones glowing in fierce intensity as if the fires of tophet were flaming within their crystal breasts. An icy chill traversed the visitor's body. Had the stones been unwittingly left lying there by his host ? For a moment he was staggered at the spectacle, but managed to collect himself as the limping footstep of the hermit approached.

"What news bring you, *Senhor* ?" queried Max, extending his hand as he entered.

"Nothing of importance," replied his guest. "I regret to see you hobbling, but the pain of your ankle has not robbed your face of its pleasing smile."

It was indeed with news of importance that Greville had sought his friend and he had intended to broach the subject without prelude or delay, but the remarkable and questionable presence of the gems had tempered his eagerness as well as his ingenuousness. The adroit purloining of the *tragedienne's* jewels and the synchronal appearance of these rare brilliants at the hermitage, was a coincidence well calculated to engender extreme caution in approaching the subject of his visit, and he deemed the prevarication with which his reply was freighted legitimately assignable to the crafty functions of diplomacy, as well as justifiable under the circumstances and in view of the purpose for which it was framed.

"I have just cause for smiling," replied the Austrian.

"My *ouistitis* have returned, but since I saw you, a strange thing has come into this house. Last night, at a late hour, I was aroused by the ringing of my bell and upon opening the window to ascertain the cause, my four lost babes came scrambling over the ledge, expressing their delight, as well as hunger, in no mistakable manner. This was indeed happiness to me, but the mystery of their home-coming, is the fact that around the neck of each *marmozet* was secured a tiny sack containing a rare gem—those four *bijoux* that you see lying there."

The *Chargé* reddened with anger at Honoré's speech, opining that the hermit was presuming upon his gullibility in formulating such an incredulous explanation as the one of which he had just delivered himself; but there remained a plausible doubt as to the old man's sanity and he restrained his indignation.

"Singular," he remarked, "where do you presume that the monkeys found their treasure?"

"There can be no presumption concerning the matter. It was none of their finding at all," answered Max, glancing dubiously at his inquisitor and grinding his heel with impatience upon the floor; "some one, actuated by what incentives I am utterly unable to divine, attached the stones to the creatures' necks."

"Extremely kind of your unknown friend," smiled Thornton, "and quite a clever device for a benefactor to resort to when he desires to transmit a gift and still maintain his incognito."

"You have confounded terms," hissed the recluse; "malefactor is the pertinent appellation in this instance. No motive designed for my benefit prompted the sending of these baubles, but on the contrary, with a purport born of fiendish malevolence, they were strategically subtruded into my domicile for a purpose freighted with ill and provocative of evil."

"Rather an extravagant method of wreaking revenge, I should say," added Greville. "Why take such a pessimistic view of the matter? Friends are more prone than enemies to proffer rare gifts."

"It is the great value of the donatives that has incited my suspicion and grounds me in the belief of an evil intent," replied the hermit.

"Granting the correctness of your surmises, do you not deem it peculiarly significant that an evil designer should have stumbled upon so opportune a medium as the one which has been employed?" continued the guest.

"*Pardonnez moi, mon ami*, how obtuse you seem. Do not forget that my *ouistitis* were unwillingly detained and that their detention was of protracted duration. The plans were well laid, the captors evidently calculating the neces-

sity of securing vehicles of conveyance in advance of the booty which was to be the burthen of their home-sending. The *marmozets* were at hand, readily attainable and the time of securing them a moral certainty, dependent alone upon the volition of the captor; but the treasure which they were to bring back, for what purpose I have already confessed my ignorance, was clearly at the time of the capture not a matter of possession and the date of that possession then unknown. It was essential that the monkeys be secured prior to the jewels, for the return of the former was indisputably to be an occurrence immediately following the obtaining of the latter."

"Cleverly conjectured," interrupted the young man. "If the jewels were not the property of the donor, to whom do you suppose they belonged—where and how were they obtained?"

"That is impossible for me to conceive, though I would willingly give my right hand to solve the mystery," replied the recluse.

Thornton, who had been watching the old man's countenance with intense scrutiny, was astounded at his clear reasoning. At the same time he felt a sickening at the heart as the question forced itself upon him—could the most perspicuous ratiocination have reached so astute a conclusion which seemed warranted only by the possession of an absolute knowledge of facts? Was this an ingenious ruse to explain the presence of the bijoutry so undesignedly discovered by himself, or was it the triumph of logic over the material and occult which only profound reflection and severe mental training can achieve? The recital of the *marmozets'* return savored so strongly of fabrication as to place credence upon its most rigid

tension. The argument was suspiciously insidious, the deduction extraordinarily subtle, yet the association of the ingenuous Max Honoré with such a miscreant as Marcus Ribeiro was most palpably absurd. Consuela was a frequent visitor at the hermitage, it was true, and Consuela was Ribeiro's wife, but Greville would as soon have thought of doubting his own probity as impugning the honesty of the pretty Italian girl. Her declaration that her husband was ignorant of her visits to the hermit and frequent petitionings that Thornton should not divulge them, might or might not coincide with her innocence, yet the young diplomat refused a moment's mental lodgment to any suspicion not compatible with her guiltlessness. After all he was probably suspecting his old friend unjustly. However, he would try another tack.

"I saw La Bernhardt play at Rio last week and was delighted with her rendition of Cleopatra."

"Ah! I was not aware that she was in Brazil. I have not seen the newspapers for a month."

If the last statement was true, he was then ignorant of the burglary; was it best to advise him of *Mademoiselle's* loss?

"Her costuming was extremely meagre. In fact she wore very little besides jewels, but they were most superb; some of them closely resembling those at your elbow."

The old man turned slowly to the centre table and, taking up a large ruby, held it admiringly between his thumb and finger.

"I was at one time an adept in judging precious stones," he said. "I learned the art in Africa and Ceylon. 'Dark women, like dark wine, are best,' it is declared, and so are

dark gems. In truth I find quite a similarity of characteristics between womankind and jewels. All stones are cold and heartless—so are most women—and the beauty of both is purely superficial, for both shine with a reflected light. In the white diamond you find the light-eyed, fair-haired blonde, smiling with a borrowed splendor. She is fair and bewildering to look upon, but, alas, much depends upon her setting and imitations are plentiful. A diamond of the first water is emulated in brilliancy by the merest bit of paste or common glass as the flaxen-tressed beauty of the *salon* is rivalled by the *coryphée* of the *ballet* or the *grisette* of the *pave*—both are perfectly transparent, simply sparkle and nothing more.

“Of the opal I would warn you as I would charge you shun the gray-eyed sorceress of society. It is treacherous and fatally omened; I am heartily glad that there are none in this collection. The one will dissolve in the test of vinegar as the other will melt away and abandon you in the bitter hour of trial and adversity. In the bosoms of both shimmer the seeming fires of love and passion—the lambent flame of tenderness and devotion; but they are transient, uncertain and faithless; do not trust them. The flickering light plays bewitchingly before you; that which appears to be in the core is only upon the surface, and with the shifting of position, light and love and hope disappear also: your opal is lustreless—your Circe has departed. The turquoise, beryl and sapphire correspond to the azure-orbed dolls of humanity—the inobtrusive Noras and Gretchens of every-day life, while the sardonyx, garnet and ruby represent the feminine *brunes*.

"Their warmth of wine, their passion of the blood and their rich, dark hue of devotion may be relied upon, for they are comparatively genuine and permanent. There is less deception in dark stones and brunette women than among those of clearer tinge; their radiance seems to emanate from within and is apparently an attribute of the object itself rather than an appropriated lustre of external influences; they are less liable to the deleterious effects of surrounding energies, more readily reveal their imperfections, and imitations are facile of detection and consequently less frequent. The fierce, burning glow of the deep-hued gem bespeaks the quality of its texture as the soul-fed fire of the sombre-tinged eye proclaims the genuineness and virtue of noble womanhood.

"Of the light-haired type are the heroines of history who treacherously lured and perfidiously abandoned their infatuated victims when the current was deepest and swiftest, while of the raven locks are those who in the intensity of passion either slew their faithless lovers or sought solace in self-destruction; the one, as the ignis-fatuus, forever leading with fitful pace to fatal mires, the other, like the steady flame of the light-house, shedding warm succor and only destroying when her admonishments are disregarded."

As he paused, Thornton, who had been attending in surprised admiration, facetiously remarked:

"Undeniably you are as clever a connoisseur of women as of precious stones."

"Possibly I am," replied Honoré, "but my conceit has never assumed that trend."

"May I enquire whether your infinite knowledge is attributable to experience, observation or study?"

"I might say all three, for though I have never been a Benedict, I have had much to do with women. That, however, was long years ago and your modern dame, I am told, is an almost unrecognizable evolution of the gentler sex. I have no patience, *Senhor*, with your enfranchised female. I deem her bold, offensive and vulgar. I hold it a depraved taste—a vitiated instinct that incites her to wantonly frequent those resorts to which man reluctantly repairs and only through the impellents of necessity."

"But," interpolated his guest, "do you deny her the right to make her field of labor co-ordinate with that of man?"

"I deny her nothing," sharply retorted the hermit.

"She unquestionably has the right to pursue the same vocations and professions as those in which her brother finds interest and to gratify untrammelled the inclinations of her will. She may delve in the trenches of the sluice digger or begrime herself with the soot of the smithery and sully of the mine, but she is not fitted for such ignobilities and in effecting the transition defies the provisions of nature, unsexes herself and forfeits the love and respect of man; aye, more than that, she excites his contempt and disgust.

"If she disclaim against the alleged injustice of inequality, let her remember that it is not the tyrant (as she affects to call him), man, who has erected the barrier of discrimination and disparagement, but to the providence of the Creator is its existence due. With unostentatious, but imperative and unalterable mandate, has nature indicated an unswerving line of demarcation which circumscribes the sphere of woman—it is the declaration of

divinity and, in my opinion, its compass-line describes a circle little less than that which hedges the divine. The sacredness of ministry, which is preëminently her mission, the obligations of maternity, which are her allotment and the sanctity of the comforter, which is her crowning glory, are delegated to her tenderness, patience and mercy, for to her do they all obtain; and the hand that ruthlessly and untowardly thrusts aside the envelopment of protection and gentle solicitude—that rends the veil of enshrinement and shreds the vesture of consecration, is reckless in its vaunting and fatal in the deed. Am I not right?”

Greville answered the question by quietly asking:

“Cannot woman better assist man with knowledge and potency equal to that of her helpmate?”

“I doubt it. Aesthetic assistance is as essential as physical abetment. Who would rob the heavens of their astral glory to illumine the windings of the coal shaft—abandon the flowers, birds and music in exchange for the architectonic stone or metals of the earth? Moreover, the most potential lever of existence is love and I know of no greater inspiration of that passion than the defencelessness of the sex. It is the very helplessness and innocence of infancy that inspires our warmest love and implants the deepest affection. Well wrote Drummond when he declared that ‘all the beauty of the world is love beauty, all the music, love music, all the foods, love foods;’ that the birth of the little child was the inception of love and ‘beyond the parent with her milky breast the Creator does not go.’ There are no more hallowed terms than those of home, wife and mother. Woman may bestride the bicycle, straddle the horse, mount the

yard-arm and chew the weed, but in so doing she wittingly robs herself of her most precious adornment and accomplishes her own disenthronement."

"When I find my host so encomiastic of the province of woman," said Thornton, "what exegesis can he offer for the adverse criticism to which he recently gave expression? How can she be so false and yet move within a circle whose periphery is contiguous to that of the divine?"

Max smiled.

"None of us," he continued, "are ignorant of the inanity of sentiment, yet sentiment constitutes nine-tenths of existence and life without it would be scarcely worth the living. Paradoxical as it may seem, there are certain deceptions that mankind admires. We are all aware that the glister of the diamond is but the play of refracted sunbeams upon crystallized carbon or graphite in an allotropic form, yet for this quality do we admire the stone and set upon it a value far in excess of that attached to its more homely conditions in a metamorphosed state.

"The unctuous flow of flattery, though consciously unmerited, is sweeter to the suscipient's ear than unaffected candor; the smile of feminine witchery, even when fraught with recognized design, and the honeyed lip of adulation, glaring in its truthlessness, gain readier entrance to the human heart than punctilious unequivocation has ever been accorded. Idols of clay and apples of ashes are congenital with the human race and will continue as long as mortality endures—we know them false and still we hug them closer.

"The same is true of all religious faiths, Christian or heathen. Do I offend you, *Senhor*? I am sure that I have no wish so to do."

"I deny no man the freedom of his opinion," said the *Chargé*, "and while I cannot subscribe to your pseudo-dogmas, I am pleased and entertained to hear them. Pray continue."

"The Aztecs watched upon their parapets at sunrise for the return of Montezuma till the race became extinct; the Mussulman patiently repeats his vespertine invocation to Allah's prophet and the Israelite still attends the coming of the promised Messiah—the Christian, the crucified One. Reason must proclaim the futility of their tenets, yet sentiment undaunted sustains a faith in fulfilments long deferred."

"Is it not better," interrupted Greville, "to foster those faiths and continue their indulgence—will it not profit more to retain the cherished sentiment than to abandon the nine-tenths of life's sweets and consolation for the remaining tenth?"

"Immeasurably so; but what hand can stay the impetus of the tide, staunch the influx of knowledge's enlightenment?" responded the hermit. "Can one so deceive himself as to quaff wormwood and pronounce it nectar, partake of aloes and deem them ambrosia?"

"The entering wedge of reason that first pierces the cradle and mother's-knee religion taps the heart of its best blood and places upon the soul a sickening sear; nor can, I am free to confess, all the unctions of philosophy soothe the hideous cicatrice; therefore it is that I hold it a cruel error to instil into the infantile mind any dogmatic school of tenets. Such foundations of credence, religious or otherwise, should be the result of mature deliberation, conscientious research and honest conviction, for so disastrous to the mental structure is the

brushing away of theory, founded, or until the awakening, supposed to be founded upon infallibility that the human mind never again grounds its belief upon the substratum of conviction or faith's rock-bottom. The under-pinning is wanting and an uncertainty of tenability, a lurking suspicion of possible annihilation of precept is the logical inheritance that forever afterwards remains. I speak, mark you, from a metaphysical, and not a moral, sentimental or expedient point of view.

"As sentiment assuages the pangs of heart-hunger so religion pacifies and ministers to the cravings of soul-thirst, but like all physical appetites, when supplied with food destitute of nutrition, the psychological appetences ultimately demand a new pabulum. What is true of the individual also pertains to nations. No religion has ever had an antiquity co-equal with the people among whom it arose. Invariably, either through a long period of intellectual development or precipitated catastrophe, occurs that phenomenon of the nation shifting its centre of religious belief from without to within. The old theosophy which promised victory, glory and subjugation of enemies, is supplanted by a new phase of thought wherein prowess, success and dominion are superseded by hopes of rest, happiness and deliverance. The sacrificial fire and blood no longer bring recompense to the bewildered and weary heart of man, and new channels are devised within the heart for the conquest of self as well as enemies. The Babylonian captivity was a potent factor in the shifting of Jewish theology and Jesus the vehicle of transition from the 'old testament dispensation' to that of the 'new.' Does not history attest the truth of my assertions?"

His guest nodded a silent acquiescence.

"When the reconstructed faith comes into existence," continued Max, "it has to battle with a belief already rooted in the people and giving an imprint to popular institutions—this is true of philosophy and doctrine as well as religion. The Greeks encountered this experience when they adopted a new philosophy, the Jews when they established a new religion, and the spirit which endeavors to effect the divestment of these prevalences possesses more than the ordinary human endowments.

"I sometimes think that the shining fragment of divinity which revealed itself in the life of the noble youth, Siddhattha, was again manifested in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and still later in Thoreau who so loved this world that he saw beauty in ashes and immortality in the pine tree. As the altruistic Nazarene was compelled to tinge his Buddhistic theosophy with Hebraic coloring and drape it in Judaic symbols, so Gotama, the Buddha, unavoidably tintured the Brahmanical religion with the Indo-Aryan imagery of the Gangetic valley, where, in the language of Oldenberg, the people 'without a past living in their memory, without a present which they might utilize in love and hate, without a future for which men might work and hope, dreamed morbid and proud dreams of that which is beyond all time.'

"I note your smile, *Senhor*. It is doubtless born of your denial of Buddha's entity; but I tell you that, despite the ingenious efforts of Emile Senart to establish the contrary, his existence is a fact. He lived, preached his evangelium to the Indian world from Benares to Kusinârâ and died. This is as well assured as is the assumption that the so-styled King of the Jews propagated his 'new dispensation' and perished on the cross.

If you have ever read the Pāli texts, you will agree with me.

"And how felicitous was his death. 'Go, Ānanda,' he said to his faithful disciple, pardon me for again quoting Oldenberg, 'and prepare a bed for me between two twin trees, with my head to the north. I am tired, Ānanda; I shall lie down. It was not the season for sāl trees to bloom, but these two twin trees were covered with blossoms from crown to foot. Buddha laid himself down under the blooming trees like a lion taking his rest and blossoms fell down on him; a shower of flowers fell from heaven, and heavenly melodies sounded overhead in honor of the dying saint.'"

The old man had by this time arisen to his feet and was pacing the floor with excitement, at the same time running his hands through his hair in ecstatic nervousness at the picture which he had so vividly portrayed.

"If my psilanthropic views are not offensive, I would add," he resumed, "that I find many other similitudes between these two divine disciples of universal love and compassion. As Buddha, the 'enlightened,' decried the sacrificial rites, condemned the value of Vedic immolatory cult and censured the knowledge of Vedic scribes as an absurdity and a fraud, so Jesus, the 'Anointed,' anathematized the Jewish scribes and Pharisees, disparaged the sacerdotal offices and denounced with bitter malediction the profanation of the temple. Again, their parables evince a like trend and betray a similar origin. The idea of non-Indian worlds was as foreign to the mind of the simple high-priest of the Ganges as his conception concerning the inhabitants of another planet, and the same circumscription of thought limited the

scope of Christ's ordination when He declared that His mission was to reform the Jewish nation. Had Christianity rested at that point, the mission would have resulted in a most lamentable failure, for the Israelite of to-day is still an unbeliever. To that intellectual marvel, Saul of Tarsus, who grasped the idea of razing the wall which separated Jew from Gentile, is the perpetuation of Catholicism due.

"While the other apostles clung to the rites, ceremonies and dogmas of Judaism, regarding the 'new dispensation' as a branch intended to be grafted upon the ancient stock which was to supply it with life and vigor, the Cilician rose above this restricted view, and in lieu of Judaizing all who embraced the new religion, exerted his energies in removing the yoke of Mosaic observances.

"In my youth I bore an intense aversion and prejudice, amounting almost to a personal animosity, toward this 'Apostle of the Gentiles,' but in maturer years, after exhaustive reviews of the Pauline epistles, I discarded my antipathetic sentiments and have grown to regard him as one of the most exalted characters in history. His sublime reliance upon the infallibility of his mission and defiant assurance as to its eventual fruition are unparalleled, and, whether we regard him contending with Tertullus in the presence of Felix, appealing unto Cæsar before Festus, pressing his creed with persuasive tongue upon Agrippa and Berenice, or saluting with words of encouragement his distant compatriots from the dungeons of Rome, his indomitable spirit and lofty bearing are most heroic and god-like.

"There is a marked disparity between the mental vigor and robust temperament, amounting almost to

arrogance, of the converted tent-maker and the more subdued, melancholy-tinged character of the man, Christ, who appears to have lacked the acumen and clear, ready comprehension of the great Damascene proselyte. Paul, a ripe scholar and pupil of Gamaliel, was distinguished for his erudition and culture, frequently discussing with the Greek philosophers in their own tongue, in the 'City of the Violet Crown,' and quoting from their own poets, and to his enlarged views first came the universal design, spiritual nature and practical influence of the new faith, while of the Saviour, nowhere is there recorded in holy writ any evidence of his ability to write, save in the instance of the 'woman taken in adultery' and modern *savants* have declared that a spurious interpolation.

"Were I a stranger to the utterances of both, I have no hesitancy in declaring my ability, upon hearing a single citation from each, to recognize thereafter the respective texts of either. The disciple was fearless and firm, trenchant and perspicuous yet considerate, magnanimous and self-sacrificing—the 'Master' weak, ambiguous and, I fear, sometimes evasive. I say this without witting offence, *Senhor*, and possibly regretfully; but if you give the subject any serious consideration you will necessarily be driven to a like conclusion."

Honoré, pausing in his speech, took from the table a glass of cordial and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when he started with anxious concern and with a prohibitive gesture interrupted his guest's forthcoming reply.

"Hist, *Senhor!*" he exclaimed, "I hear footsteps without; have the kindness to ascertain who the intruder is."

He sank into a chair, his hands trembling perceptibly and knees quaking as though in absolute terror.

Thornton proceeded to the doorway, his ears being greeted meanwhile by a loud clapping of hands, the usual Brazilian method of announcing an arrival, and peering from the threshold he observed some seven or eight men turning an angle in the tall hedge-row of tea plants, clad in the dirty-white uniform of the civil officers of the country. The detachment was preceded by one of its members, taller and more swarthy than his compatriots, whose chevron proclaimed him the officer in command. Noting Greville beneath the lintel, the leader, as he approached, raised his cap deferentially and enquired if the *Senhor* Honoré was within.

"He is," replied the *Chargé*; "what is your mission concerning him?"

Without an immediate reply the *empregado* ordered his men to form a cordon around the *casa*; then turning to Thornton he said with a significant smile:

"My mission is most important and imperative, *Senhor*."

At this juncture Max, who in his previous enthusiasm had apparently forgotten his disabled ankle, came hobbling toward the door.

"What do these men want?" he said, placing his hand upon the shoulder of his guest to steady himself. His voice was tremulous with alarm and his face pale unto the hue of death.

Descrying the hermit, the officer saluted him in a respectful manner.

"*Senhor* Honoré, I regret to inform you that you are my prisoner—you must go with us."

Saying this, he drew from his pocket a paper and continued:

"If you will attend I will read the writ to you."

"Dispense with the reading," exclaimed Max huskily ; "such formalities are unnecessary. Only tell me for what I am wanted."

"You are charged with the theft of Mdlle. Bernhardt's jewels."

"Bernhardt's jewels !" gasped the old man ; "who are my accusers ?"

"You will learn that at the proper time before the *juiz*," was the rejoinder.

Greville, who had withdrawn to the interior of the room, leaving his host still standing in the doorway and supporting himself by the jamb, overheard the startling parlance and, snatching up the jewels from the centre-table, glanced hastily around him. Upon the cornice of the cabinet he observed a bronze crocodile from the excavations of Pompeii, the gaping throat of which would seem to proclaim it hollow, and it required but an instant for him to adroitly thrust the stones unobserved into the metal saurian's stomach.

"Must I go with you at this hour ?" demanded the prisoner piteously.

"My orders are to bring you before the *juiz* at once."

"Surely you will first allow me the privilege of changing my toilet."

"I have been commissioned to search the premises and must do so before any alteration is made in your apparel."

Max turned toward the centre-table and was about to reply when Greville pointed to the vacant spot where the jewels had recently lain and enjoined silence by placing his finger significantly upon his lips.

"Enter, gentlemen, and begin your inspection. I pray you examine my person first and I will change my clothing while you are exploring the premises."

Two of the men entered the room and proceeded to search the Austrian. Finding nothing they permitted him to retire to his sleeping chamber accompanied by the officer and Thornton.

"I must see that my entomological collections are not injured by the perscrutation," said Max to his guest, "and while thus engaged may I not implore your good offices? Will you not proceed immediately to the Austrian Legation and state to Count B. my deplorable situation? Tell him that my enemies are again at their work of persecution and request his presence at my arraignment before the *juiz*. It is the only favor, *Senhor*, that I shall ever ask at your hands."

"While the *Senhor* is arranging his toilet I will withdraw and accompany my men to insure no damage being done the cabinets," interposed the *empregado*; "it will expedite matters and time is a consideration."

He turned to quit the apartment, casting at the same time a glance of dubious concern and embarrassed hesitancy toward Greville. For a moment only he faltered, and then with perplexed mien passed out, closing the door after him.

"All that is in my power, I will most cheerfully do," said the *Chargé*, "and," in an undertone, "I have placed the stones in the stomach of the Pompeiian crocodile; you must exercise your own judgment as to encountering the risk of leaving them there or producing them before the authorities. I am off."

The old man presented a picture pitiable in the extreme, his eyes dilating as those of some hunted beast, his straying gray hair falling in unkempt locks over his forehead, pale and beaded with perspiration, and his long white fingers clutching nervously the folds of his ill-arranged blouse.

"One moment, *Senhor*," he exclaimed, as Thornton prepared to depart; "you must have known of this robbery, why did you not advise me concerning it? or," an expression of intense pain furrowed his brow, "can it possibly be that you deem me—no; oh, God! no, I will not consider it," and throwing his arms around the neck of his friend, he laid his head, with a broken sob, upon his shoulder.

"Have I not so far proved my friendship?" replied Greville, tenderly. "Trust me, I shall not desert you. Moreover, do not circumstances render me also an object of distrust? May not my ill-timed conversation regarding the bijoutry and the simultaneous arrival of the *policia* constitute an occurrence suspiciously suggestive? Does not the coincidence impugn honesty of purpose in my visit?"

"But, *Senhor*, you have not answered my query," and Max fell upon his knees with hands clasped in imploring agony athwart the crown of his head.

"Of that, in the future," was the rejoinder; "to do you service I must be off at once."

Thus he left the recluse kneeling helplessly upon the floor in the center of the lonely apartment, and proceeded rapidly toward Petropolis.

Varied and perturbing were his reflections en route homeward. The hermit's sufferings seemed to him be-

yond the power of simulation; yet the inadequately accounted-for presence of the jewels and the tremor of uneasiness at the approach of the intruders were inexplicable, if not positively condemning; and the fact troubled him. Again, when the officer proposed to retire at the completion of the personal inspection, he had glanced dubiously and suspiciously at him. What if he himself should be involved in the unfortunate affair? Had he not committed an error in secreting the gems to shield his friend? Would it not have been best had he immediately divulged to the authorities at the Capital Federal his knowledge of the robbery?

It was the hour of sunset and he was nearing the 'Presidencia' when he suddenly halted in startled surprise, for before him, in the middle of the road, stood Marcus Ribeiro in close conversation with a male companion. The two men, observing his approach, hastily withdrew into the shadow of a spreading acacia, but Thornton, as he passed them, recognized in Ribeiro's associate the dark-skinned confederate who had mounted the 'padaria' cart upon the night of the burglary. With assumed unconcern he proceeded upon his mission, but he had arrived at a definite determination; he would go at once to the police and demand the apprehension of the two culprits.

Scarcely had he left the *guinguette* in his rear when he encountered Consuela at an angle in the pathway, balancing upon her head a burthen of baskets for market. Under pretext of examining her wares Greville drew near, and exclaimed in eager suspense:

"Tell me quickly, *querida*, who is the man yonder with your husband?"

"That," she said in surprised rejoinder, "is the *Contra Almirante Bonifacio Andrade*."

Had a flash of lightning felled the tall palm at his side or one of the ponderous cliffs spoken to him with stony lips, the *Chargé* could not have been more thoroughly astounded. Alternate paroxysms of heat and cold swept over him in rapid succession and the road seemed to gyrate in dark circles before his swimming eyes. Ypiranga's brother a feudary of the black-hearted Italian in his diabolical schemes! the thing seemed impossible. Consuela had lied to him—she had learned his secret and through jealousy sought to vanquish her rival in a brother's supposed shame and degradation; he would not believe it.

Then calmer moments came to him and he moved listlessly on. Unless her assertion was true, how could Consuela possibly have known that Ypiranga had a brother? Why was Bonifacio consorting with such a miscreant as the despicable Marcus? He now vividly recalled his visit with Ypiranga to Itamaryti and her mysterious allusion to the estrangement existing between herself and brother, and the still more painful declaration, under the moon in Passeio Publico, that for her there existed nothing but unrest which would end in "terror, torture and annihilation." Was this brother's depravity the secret of her heart, the hideous characters of which she had prayed he might discover—the bridgeless sea between himself and his idol?

A new light seemed breaking upon him. It was more than probable that the *Senhora*, had espied Bonifacio on the night of their attendance at La Bernhardt's performance and, apprehending new disaster, or recalling past disgrace, had succumbed to sudden illness. Ah! how

harshly he had judged her. Very tender were his thoughts of the woman he adored and he pictured her, with pleading gaze and mien, petitioning the shielding of her only kinsman.

To the winds was flung his resolution to effect the arrest of the culprits, for not a shadow of sorrow must be added to Ypiranga's burthen; yet he was conscientiously mindful of his promise to assist Honoré and would fulfil its every spirit and letter. *The conflict between love and duty had begun.*

Reaching the suburbs of Petropolis, he hailed a tilbury and was driven immediately to the Austrian Legation. His Excellency, the Minister, was absent upon a visit to Rio, but Baron V., the Secretary, was at home and would be pleased to receive the visitor, was the announcement made by the *concierge*.

"Ah! *Monsieur, Soyez le bienvenu,*" cried the Secretary as Greville entered the drawing room. "What pleasure have we now in prospect? another peccary hunt I trust. I enjoyed the last one we had together as greatly as any adventure of my life, and when the mule fell over that *rocha*, throwing poor Kravotsky into the ravine, I positively laughed until my ribs ached. *Mais asseyez-vous donc, Je vous prie. Je suis ravi de vous voir.*"

"*Merci; j'ai peu de temps, je ne m'assierai pas,*" rejoined the visitor. "It is not pleasure this time, but business and I have come to ask a personal favor of the Legation in behalf of a personal friend."

"*Je suis à vos ordres.*"

"I have just left Max Honoré in the custody of the police."

"*Vous plaisantez!*"

"*Je vous assure qu'il en est ainsi.*"

"*Qu'a-t-il fait ?*"

"He has been arrested for the theft of La Bernhardt's jewels."

"*Cela ne peut être vrai. Ne vous trompez-vous pas ? C'est incroyable.*"

"*Soyez en bien persuadé.*"

"That old recluse has caused us more annoyance with his hair-brained vagaries than the entire Austrian colony in Brazil, *soit dit sans vous offenser* ; however, as it is your request, *Je suis charmé de vous servir.*"

"*Je vous fais tous mes remerciements.*"

"*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*"

"He will be arraigned before the *juiz* to-night."

"*En quoi puis-je vous être agréable ?*"

"Will you not attend the examination to see that no advantage is taken of Honoré, and, if possible, prevent his incarceration ? It is his request and my desire as well."

"*Avec plaisir*, but were you present when he was apprehended ?

"I was with him at the hermitage when the arrest was made."

"How did he take it ?"

"Poorly enough. He seemed frenzied with grief, and declared that his enemies were again at their work of persecution."

"What a strange hallucination he harbors concerning his imaginary enemies," smilingly observed the Secretary.

"I do not believe that he has a foe in Brazil."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Greville.

"Who could wish to harm so hapless a creature—what possible motive could provoke such an enmity ?"

The visitor shrugged his shoulders.

"I presume that search was made of the premises ; were the jewels there ?

"Nothing had been discovered prior to my departure," answered the *Chargé*, turning a trifle pale.

"Of course not ; has it never occurred to you, *mon ami*, that none of Bernhardt's jewels have been purloined ? such ruses are frequently resorted to now-a-days as advertising media by enterprising *tragédiennes*."

A faint "it is possible" was the rejoinder.

"At what hour did you say that he would appear before the tribunal ?" resumed Baron V.

"He is doubtlessly on his way there at the present moment."

"*Il faut que je m'en aille maintenant.*"

"You will then lend your best offices to your unfortunate countryman."

"*Vous pouvez y compter.*"

"*Je ne saurais assez vous en remercier,*" and the visitor bowed himself out.

He did not go down to dinner that evening, but paced the floor of his library, abstractedly watching the clock and smoking "Bahia" after "Bahia" till six cigars had been consumed in rapid succession as he nervously recalled the events of the day.

Twice had his elected method of procedure placed him in a false position before the man whose close friendship he enjoyed and whose assistance he was invoking. He had been guilty of partial equivocation in asserting to Baron V. that no jewels had been found at the hermitage, for he was well aware of their presence and had himself secreted them. Equally positive was he that Mdle.

Bernhardt had not resorted to the advertising ruse with which she had been accredited. The conserving of two opposite interests he found quite a hazardous undertaking; yet he deemed it inexpedient to change front at the present moment.

The passing of two hours had been scored upon the porphyry dial when Baron V. was announced.

"Show him up at once," said Thornton excitedly.

"*Sapristi*," exclaimed the Secretary, as he rushed breathlessly into the room and sank exhausted upon a divan. "That miserable dolt is either a hopeless idiot or a consummate scoundrel."

"Why do you speak thus—what news do you bring?"

"When he appeared before the tribunal," began the visitor, "his demeanor portrayed the stoicism of a Roman senator and the urbanity of a Parisian. I was positively impressed with his courtly deportment. At the calling of the prosecution, the informing witness failed to appear, and as the officers deposed that the searching of the premises had revealed nothing to substantiate the accusation, the *juiz* was about to order the prisoner's discharge when the demented creature stepped up to the rail and produced four of the most superb gems that my eyes ever rested upon; and how do you suppose he declared that they came into his possession?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" replied the *Chargé*.

"Sure enough! why do I? How should you know? Well, he stated with a most solemn countenance that a short time prior to the alleged burglary four of his marmosets had been purloined and confined and that last night they had returned, each one bearing a stone encased

in a tiny sack about its neck. What do you think of such drivelling twaddle?"

"He told me the same story and I believe him," said Thornton quietly.

"*Mon Dieu!* Why did you not speak of this before?"

"I was present at his arrest, as I have already stated, and, believing in his innocence, secreted the jewels from the *policia*, telling Honoré afterwards what I had done and leaving it to his discretion to reveal their place of lodgment or maintain silence upon the subject. Who was his accuser?"

"The name appended to the paper laying the charge was Marcus Ribeiro."

"I thought as much," remarked Greville, not a little disconcerted.

"*Sacrebleu!* Do you know him," queried Baron V.

"I have heard of him; he is, I believe, a vicious and worthless Italian."

"Why did you suspect him of laying the accusation?"

"I have adequate reasons; but what action was taken by the *juiz*?"

"He assumed the custody of the gems and decided to hold the accused until further investigation. Having promised not to permit Honoré's incarceration, I accepted the responsibility of his further appearance when required. The old man thanked me most profusely but proclaimed his unbelief in his ability to ever again appear before the tribunal, and when interrogated as to the significance of his remark, replied that he was unquestionably approaching the grave, as he had recalled on his way to the court of inquiry the crying of the *rasga-mortalha* (shroud-tearer) before his dwelling last night."

"Shroud-tearer!" exclaimed the *Chargé*; "what is that?"

"Have you never heard of this ominous creature?" laughingly replied the Baron. "It is a beautiful bird about the size of a chicken, with head and talons as those of an owl, its brilliant yellow plumage splashed with black and white points. Its cry resembles the sound made by the violent rending of muslin, and to enhance the illusion, the bird, just before uttering its prophetic plaint, clashes its beak in imitation of the grating of shears. In the valley of the Amazon it is believed that the screaming of the *rasga-mortalha* near a dwelling portends death or grave malady to some member of the household."

"I have heard of many wonders in this land of strange oddities," said Greville. "I thought the bird, *Maria ja e dia*, (Maria, it is day) the queerest of marvels, but the 'shroud-tearer,' I must confess, surpasses even that. I would never have suspected Max of entertaining such superstitions."

"It is probably initiatory to a plea of insanity at the coming trial," sneered the visitor.

"No," rejoined Thornton, shaking his head gravely; "you do him great injustice. Your hypothesis as to his implication in the burglary may possibly be correct, but my faith in his guiltlessness remains as yet unshaken."

CHAPTER IX.

GUANABARA'S TOMB.

THORNTON sat at the breakfast table the following day, leisurely sipping his coffee and perusing the morning journals. There was little of interest in the papers and the mail lay unopened at his side. The windows in the rear of the *salon* descended to the floor, and occasionally glancing through their open casements, he found occupancy in watching the Italian scullion who was vigorously delving a small aperture in the stiff clay side of a hill that ensconced the posterior yard, forming a perfectly perpendicular wall.

The poor fellow whistled a mournful tune as he worked and when the niche was fashioned to his suiting paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. Stooping, he lifted from the sward a dead *papagaio* of soft and pleasing plumage. With tender hand he folded the brilliant red wings, lovingly caressed the blue-tufted, yellow head and pressed the breathless beak of the parrot to his lips as the hot tears fell upon each lustrous, velvet-edged pinion. Gently placing the bird in a narrow wooden box, he sealed the lid securely and inserted the miniature casket into the aperture, leaving one side flush with the façade of the earthy wall. Around the place of sepulture he ranged groups of fresh flowers, thus fabri-

cating a mimic shrine surmounted by a rude cross of tiny bamboo splints, while for a tablet he affixed to the box a scrap of soiled paper bearing the Luso-Italian inscription, "*A la piedade de los gentes del pobre papagaio.*"

The deceased pet had been a great favorite with the seemingly disconsolate lad, and Greville's morning rest had oftentimes been disturbed by the chattering of the *lorey* responsive to the greetings of love and caress to which the apprentice of the *cuisine* daily gave utterance.

Honoré was right, mused the *Chargé*; love is the lever that propels the world. It had found lodgment in the simple heart of the obscure scullion and though its object was a soulless bird, had brightened his life and illumined his monotonous surroundings. The hermit's apothegms also presented themselves with renewed potency: why had the power which ignited the divine passion so abruptly extinguished it, ruthlessly exchanging the isolated and innocent gladness of a lonely heart for gloom and obscuration?

His reverie was interrupted by the Legation messenger inviting his attention to the yet undisturbed mail.

"I had almost forgotten," he said, and began listlessly breaking the seals.

The batch contained a request for contribution to a *grande baile de caridade* (charity ball), a pass to the Polytheama Fluminense, with its two "functions" per day, several gratuitous lottery tickets, accompanying the habitual notice, cleverly designed to incite expedition, '*Amanha anda a roda*' (To-morrow goes the wheel), and a communication in a gray envelope of ample dimensions.

Unfolding the last, Thornton read:

“GABINETE DA POLICIA,
CAPITAL FEDERAL, *Março 2d*, 18—

“*Sir* :

“This Department has been advised by anonymous communication that Your Excellency may possibly have in your possession some information throwing light upon the recent purloining of Mdle. Bernhardt's jewels in our city.

“There is no intimation as to whether the alleged facts pertain to Your Excellency's personal knowledge or whether they are lodged in the archives of the Legation, and it is not the usual custom of this Department to attach any significance, or accord any notice to communications of such a character. The atmosphere of mystery, however, which envelops the late burglary and the quasi-professional discredit attaching to the police department in the so-far futile efforts of its officers to effect any solution, have caused us to exercise extreme diligence in exhausting every available agency of investigation, and it is upon this line that I have presumed to address Your Excellency in reference to the subject matter.

“I most earnestly entreat Your Excellency to accord this communication the privileged character of a private correspondence, being well aware that any other paper should reach your Legation through the medium of the Foreign Office.

“It is my purpose in addressing Your Excellency to merely suggest that should there be the slightest shadow of truth in the aforementioned anonymous advice, and such information, if the property of the Legation, does

not fall within the purview of official inviolability, or, if of a personal character the divulgence of which would not in any manner be incompatible with Your Excellency's pleasure, this Department would be most profoundly grateful to Your Excellency for the slightest clue enabling its officials to effect a successful issue of the important mission upon which their entire energies are now most assiduously employed.

"I embrace the occasion to proffer to Your Excellency the protests of my highest consideration.

"AZEVIDO D'OLIVEIRO,
Chief of Police.

"*His Excellency, GREVILLE THORNTON,*
Encorregado de Negocios, etc."

Here was a new, extraordinary and most annoying phase of the unpleasant predicament in which the *Chargé* found himself enmeshed.

The custody of a culpable secret is in no manner an enviable possession, but when the knowledge of that possession is shared with another, and that other, unknown, the situation is rendered well-nigh unendurable.

There were three hypotheses trending toward an explanation of the anonymous correspondent's manœuvre. It probably portended a desperate attempt upon the part of Ribeiro to assure the ensnaring and implication of Honoré, and consequent shielding of himself by thus diverting the pursuers' alertness: again there was a possibility that Bonifacio, cognizant of the addresses of his sister's suitor, and actuated by that diabolical spirit which

seemed to render him a demon in the flesh, was now characteristically paying his respects to that suitor; or it might be the feeble effort of a weak and helpless woman to save Padrinho. Consuela likely knew all and had adopted this perilous stratagem as a last resort and only available means of succor.

Calling to Desirée, a fawn-eyed, silken-haired, black-and-tan canine, the constant companion of his daily outings, Thornton left the Legation and directed his steps toward the Travessa de Saude. He had determined to hazard the chance of finding Consuela alone, or encountering Marcus, to boldly demand an explanation.

Halting opposite the Italian's *casa*, he found the portal and windows of the dwelling closed. Save for the gentle swaying of a solitary banana plant in the lazy breeze and the scrambling of some half-dozen *baratas* across the deserted sill, a death-like silence pervaded the premises. His rap upon the door remained unanswered and the repeated clapping of hands received no response. He tried the latch and found it fastened. Desirée gave a low whine of impatience, for the intelligent creature had learned to love the *Senhora* and seemingly deplored her absence. As master and dog were turning away despairingly an old man approached them, bowing and cringing as he drew near.

"Is it *Senhor* Ribeiro the illustrious *Senhor* seeks?" asked the new-comer in a querulous voice.

"Yes," rejoined Greville; "can the *Senhor* tell me where he is?"

"He cannot, but Ribeiro is not here. Yesterday he disposed of what little furniture he possessed to a 'vizinho' (neighbor) and last night at a late hour he left. Some

say that he has gone to Theresopolis and others think to Entre Rios, but I am of the opinion that he is in the Capital Federal. He was with a stranger most of the time yesterday, a finely-dressed *casquilho*, and they started down the Imperial highway together."

"Did the *Senhora* accompany them?" enquired Thornton anxiously.

"No; she must have preceded them, for she quit the *casa* at the setting of the sun with a burthen of baskets and never returned—at least she was not seen about here afterwards."

The *Chargé* slipped a *tostão* into the stranger's hand and returned to the Legation in a state of perplexity as to Consuela's silence, at their meeting the day before, concerning her intended departure. The entire disposition of household effects augured a permanent removal of habitation, and yet it seemed to him inexplicable that the pretty Italian should voluntarily take final leave without proffering him a tender farewell.

It was just noon, and the next train for the 'Fluminense' did not quit Petropolis until four o'clock.

The dreary hours had lapsed languidly away and Greville was speeding towards Rio de Janeiro. It so chanced that he was the only passenger that afternoon, and as he stood with bared head by the railing of the boat, which receives the traveller at the railway terminus, and was traversing the bay, he revelled in the delicious influence of the hour and vista.

Behind him, as the shifting prospects of some retreating dream, rose the purple mountains, their pinnacles of saffron hue and gilded glory softened by the dioramic haze which perpetually encompasses them about; beneath

him laughed the shimmering crests of the sapphire-tinted billow; and far beyond gleamed the multipaned windows and richly-mullioned oriels of distant Nictheroy's churches and palaces, flashing and flaring in proud scintillation and flinging back, with glinting glee, the molten flood of the setting sun as they grew superbly diaphanous, every mullion and cross-bar limning its outline in distinct and detailed configuration athwart each fulgent arc and flaming disc, while, underlying the cincture of lambent fire, stretched the city's white beaches as low sweeps of shining and unsullied snow.

It seemed to the gazer meet that such a paradise should be the abiding place of one so divine as Ypiranga: it was fit only for just such enchanting mortals as she, and he imagined that her presence there had much to do with its present happy radiance.

It is not at all improbable that the *Senhora's* virtues were enhanced in her lover's estimation by the atmosphere of virginal purity and primitive innocence with which she was environed: an atmosphere only made possible by the social economy prevailing in the Latin-American countries, provokingly bewitching and in glaring contrast to the facetiously-styled woman's higher sphere and emancipated female disposements of more northern climes. The impenetrable barriers of feminine segregation, woven with the web of parental love and web of tender solicitude—where the warden guards the charge with a vigilance, jealous in the extreme and savoring of severity—evolves a dainty specimen of maidenly purity rarely met with in higher latitudes. Such guilelessness exercises an influence which few can appreciate who have never encountered its witchery.

Could womankind but comprehend how ready true, chivalric manhood is to do her homage, and how eager to install her upon a pedestal far removed from the contamination of social impact, she would shrink from the dissipation of that reverence, hesitate to remove the crown of sanctity from her brow; be less willing to forfeit her exaltation, less heedless as to the maintenance of her position and retention of voluntarily accorded grace and superiority.

Thornton was the recipient of the young girl's earliest love, and he felt inexpressibly happy in the consciousness that his was the voice to first incite within her vestal bosom the incipient flame of passion—his presence the first to awaken her to the realization of an existence which, since the portals of paradise were barred to exiled man, all the world has acknowledged with tears of ecstasy—all the world confessed in throes of grief.

That "kissed lips lose no flavor," may be an aphorism gravid with the plenitude of truth; but, having once subserved the volition of a suitor, they are surely less covetable. The wild rose beyond the pale of the garden-wall's protectorate oft sheds as sweet a fragrance as its more favored and sheltered sister of the conservatory, yet its accessibility, facile and promiscuous, renders it an object of mere passing pleasure, a thing of momentary and casual concern.

It may have been a morbid idiosyncrasy, an abnormal sentimentality, but Greville had always found it impossible to experience pleasure, void of pain, while gazing into uplifted eyes filled with the melting luminosity of passion, or listening to the syren measures of love breathed from the softest of lips and sealed with the invocation of solemnity

divine, when the knowledge was present that there had been the passing of a predecessor, a reaper of those self-same sweets, self-replenishing though they were. The protestation might be freighted with as sacred and intense a sincerity as the pristine avowal, yet the rehearsal ever lacks the purity of the initial, the inspiration of the original fails to illumine the replica; it is responsive to a second *rapport* and this man was too mature a scholar of the world and thoroughly trained student of humanity not to know that

“They who kneel at woman’s shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow.”

Without arrogating to himself a superior delicacy of taste he insisted that to revel in untainted and mellifluent bliss, the maiden’s troth should be of her first plighting, its pledge her virginal and exclusive kiss.

Arriving at Rio, the solitary passenger entered a *cabriolé* and, driving up the Rua da Prainha, turned into the crowded Ourives. From this thoroughfare he passed out the Rosario, which in turn conducted him to Rua Gonçalves Dias leading to the Consulate of his country.

The hour was too late for the transaction of business and nothing seemed more fitting than an evening with Ypiranga but as his vehicle halted to allow the passage of a *bombeiros* corps, a voice exclaimed :

“Ah ! Mr. Thornton, how opportune ;” and turning, the *Chargé* recognized Mr. Baxter, his Consul, accompanied by a stranger.

“Permit me to present Commander Hallem of the man-of-war, *Bonhage*, now lying in the harbor,” continued the Consul as Greville hastily alighted from the

cabriolé. "The *Bonhage* arrived only to-day and I have arranged for a dinner at the 'Chalet Olinda' this evening—you must accompany us. I would have wired you, but was not advised of the Commander's arrival until after the hour for the departure of the express."

"I should greatly have preferred first paying my respects officially to Mr. Thornton," said Commander Hallem; "but as circumstances precluded that formality, I am more than pleased to have him with us this evening."

"After dinner we will spend the night at Tijuca," added Baxter; "the last tram leaves at eleven."

"No," interrupted the Commander, "I insist that you gentlemen shall be my guests aboard the *Bonhage* to-night. I am very proud of my bonnie battle-ship and in the morning will take the greatest delight in showing you over her."

Social obligations seemed imperative, and though nearly distraught with vexation, Thornton saw that naught remained save passive acquiescence.

Meanwhile another scene was transpiring at Nictheroy across the water. In the ephemeral play of the ambient after-glow, peculiar to the transitory crepuscule of the tropics, along the receding beaches of Jurujuba, so smooth that one might roll a *tangerina* thereon for miles without abrasion to the fruit, Ypiranga was strolling leisurely, with arms folded across her bosom and head inclined as in a waking dream. Occasionally she loitered to trace with the tiny toe of her boot a name upon the sand and then moved listlessly on. Her faithful maid, Mundica, who scrupulously maintained a conventional distance to the rear, was sedulously engaged

in gathering star-fish and *camarões*. The *Senhora* had watched the huge sea-eagle pitching from his dizzy height into the bay with foamy splash, as the descent of some ill-adjusted parachute; she had even seen the shifting outline and curling smoke of Greville's *barca*, though unconscious of the precious freight it bore.

The air was soft, sweet and stilly; the water peaceful as an infant's slumber. An occasional argentine *arroio* rippled in aquatic lallation to the sea, while beyond the bay, here and there an early light of the city glinted in stellar glory—a huge astral cruciform bestudding the mountain side. The sun was gone, leaving the lingering kiss of its last ray upon the out-stretched lines of whitened sand dunes, suggesting in their serrated uniformity the belated, snow-mantled maize shocks of North America, or the low watch-towers of southern Ireland, whereon the loyal Hibernian subjects of Albion's virgin queen once attended in zealous apprehension the approach of Spain's ill-starred Armada.

The stroller paused and turned in abstracted regard toward a disintegrating cairn of aerolitic stone, perpetuating the alleged entombment of an Indian chief, and covered with straying vines.

It remained for the learned French *savant*, Boucher de Perthes, by his invaluable flint discoveries at Menche-court and Saint Acheul, in the alluvial deposits of Somme, to compel the acceptance, by the scientific world, of the fact of man's presence amongst the huge Quaternary animals of pre-historic times. While science gladly recognized the new-born truth which these finds established, superstition yielded reluctant credence to the witnesses, refusing to accept them as the handicraft of man, and stubbornly

adhered to the belief in their supernatural origin. Popular credulity attributed their source to the thunderbolt and the Romans for centuries had called them *ceraunia*, from *ηεραμνος*, thunder.

This ignorant veneration is found in different climes and exceedingly remote regions, and wrought flints are universally regarded as amulets endowed with protective powers, charmed messengers from the supernatural. Russian peasants believe them to be the arrows of thunder and transmit them to their children as precious heirlooms. In Germany we observe the *donnerkeile*, in Denmark the *tordensteen*; the negroes of Soudan look upon these stones as bolts launched from heaven by 'Sango' the God of thunder; ancient Andalusia has the same significance in its *piedras de rayo*, while quaint Japan cherishes her *rai-fuseki-no-rui*. The Bretons think that these stones still vibrate at every clap of thunder. In Brazil, it would seem, the same idea is encountered in the name *corisco*, lightnings, given to arrow-heads, flint-knives and crudely wrought hatchets of stone. The possibility is suggested that in the latter country these stone implements were so styled from their propensity to emit sparks upon attrition, but it must be confessed that the preponderance of inference is in favor of the prevalent superstition.

Leaving this, however, to the contention of scientists, there rests upon the sunny slopes that shut in Jurujuba's bay a little mound known as the *Corisco*, or Guanabara's tomb. The Indian legends have recorded that many centuries ago there came to this land of aureate vales and laughing waters a tall, pale-faced, fair-locked stranger, with cohorts as lithe in form and strong in limb as their

blue-eyed chieftain, who hailed from a wondrous clime where half the year was darkness and water slept in crypts as crystal rock. This stranger made war against Guanabara and his tribe, and the aged Indian chief, deeming the visitation a scourge sent by the Great Spirit, besought to appease offended Deity by offering as a sacrifice his only daughter, Humayti. The maiden's body grew to ashes on the sacrificial pyre, the white stranger and his compatriots were exterminated, but as the last invader lay expiring upon the crimsoned sands, a huge stone, hurled by the hand of the Thunder God, fell from heaven and smote Guanabara in the hour of his triumph.

Upon the neighboring hill-slope the pale chieftain and the bronze were buried side by side, and the avenging *corisco* caps the dolmen neath which the sleepers lie. Over the solitary tumulus the purple pasque-flower creeps in voluptuous tenderness, strangely recalling the old English tradition that this anemone *pulsatilla* grows only where Danish blood has been spilt.

Suddenly an intense white light illumined the entire vista, and the maiden turned in astounded fear to ascertain the cause. It was the dying gasp of departing day. Old Dedo de Deus had grown sublimely incandescent and a thousand feet below its digital apex a long-drawn cloud of spotless fleece rested athwart the mountain's contour, forming a gigantic cross. Ypiranga shuddered in superstitious nervousness—it recalled to her a large stone cross she had once seen in the corridor of a lepers' hospital, bearing the Portuguese inscription, "In this alone is there hope." The glowing apparition appealed to the romance in her Southern nature, and she began to opine that, per-

haps, it augured a solution of her soul's dilemma; a happy fruition of encompassing perplexity. Then it came to her that this coincidental formation was of patibulary significance, demanding penitential obsecration, and "*Esperanca*" was emblazoned upon the transverse arms as legibly as the "*In hoc signo vinces*" of the crucial phantasmagoria greeted the distorted vision and diseased imagination of deluded Constantine.

She was about to cast herself upon her knees in the sand when its execution was arrested by the sudden approach of a hitherto unobserved presence. The hot distressed panting of agitated breath saluted her ear, and the lithe figure of a closely mantled woman, with burning eyes widely distended, hands uplifted and dishevelled braids straying from neglected snood, knelt before her in the attitude of supplication. The proud, pale girl haughtily surveyed her cowering sister, and for an instant Harpocrates stood, with folded arms, between them. The silentness became oppressive, and Ypiranga was the first to challenge the mute Egyptian's reign.

"What is your mission here? What wish you of me?" she demanded, her lip trembling, half with sudden affright, and half with resentment at the invasion of her privacy and contemplation.

"Oh! *Senhora*," began the breathless stranger, "do not spurn me with contemptuous scorn; but hearken, I pray you, *donna*, to what I ask: my mission is simple, my story short. I am no messenger of evil. I shall do you no harm: indeed I shall not."

"What have I to do with you? What can there be in common between us?" tartly questioned the bewildered girl.

"Much—much," replied the suppliant. "All that one true woman can hold in common with another;" and she extended her hands imploringly, every feature quivering with intensity of anguish.

Ypiranga gathered up the folds of her skirt and drew back apace.

"Nay, *Senhora*, you must not quit me until I have spoken; you must hear me," continued the intruder.

"Of what is it that you wish to speak, girl? Be quick, for I can no longer tarry here."

The stranger paused for a moment and then said huskily:

"You know the *Senhor* Thornton."

While the speech was delivered with interrogatory stress of voice, its form of expression and the significant glance accompanying it, betokened the assurance of an affirmative reply.

"How can that concern you, sirrah? What signifies it with whom I have acquaintance?"

"But you love the *Senhor*; is it not so?"

Ypiranga bit her lip in anger and stamped the sand with her boot.

"Leave me," she cried. "Have you come hither to mock me, woman? Leave me, I repeat. I command you—away."

"Not yet; I have not finished. The *Senhor* Greville is in trouble and you can aid him if you will hear me—will do my bidding. The *Senhor* loves you most passionately," here the speaker paused and placed her hand distractedly upon her heart, "and you can allow your compliance with my request," she continued, "to be the response to my question."

Ypiranga started forward and clutched the cloaked arm of the mysterious creature.

"Are you mad?" she gasped. "What put such folly as this into your heart, *Senhora*? Why do you opine that I love the *Senhor* Thornton? and suppose that I do, what interest have you in my affairs—what interest can you possibly have in him?"

The last sentence died away in almost inaudible cadence as the question gave birth to a pain-conceived and hitherto unentertained suspicion.

"I know the *Senhor* well," replied the interloper.

The maiden grew a trifle paler as a quaking of the knee and convulsive fluttering of the heart became distressingly perceptible.

"Do *you* love him?" she asked, in trepidation.

The woman sprang to her feet and clasped her hands spasmodically above her head as a wild, hysterical laugh burst from her parted lips.

"My heart knows but one desire," she said, "and that is to assist him in his present hour of terrible trial. Thus it is that I have come to seek your aid in the gratification of that desire."

Her *mantilha* had fallen away from her face and under the bright moon Ypiranga saw that her visitor was very dark and very beautiful.

"How can I aid you?" she questioned.

"By giving him this as soon as you see him," and drawing from her bosom a soiled envelope, the dark beauty proffered it to the *Senhora*.

"Is the missive from you, or another?"

"It is from me, *donna*."

"Are you acquainted with the present whereabouts of the *Senhor*?"

"I am."

"Why do you not constitute yourself the vehicle of your own communication?"

"Alas! *Senhora*, I cannot go to him now; it is beyond possibility for me so to do."

"Can you not post the letter, and so obviate the necessity of my intervention?"

"The post-mark would betray my identity."

"Then it is anonymous."

"No. It is not to him that I fear a betrayal of identity, but to another. I cannot now explain. The communication bears my name."

"Strange."

"It is indeed strange, but perhaps he will tell you all when he reads it. Perhaps"—here the woman paused as though wandering in doubt or dreams, and her words became incoherent; then added "It is for the *Senhor* to decide what he will communicate."

"Perhaps he will not," said Ypiranga bitterly as she gazed for a moment at the missive. Incredulity, suspicion, jealousy were wrangling with her soul, in torturous contest.

"Who knows? Will you do that which I have asked?"

She who was addressed riveted her eyes upon the inquisitor with the frenzy of a baffled tigress, and hissing out a cold, cruel, strident "No," turned her back haughtily upon her.

Neither spoke and the silence was broken only by the fluttering of an object, falling over the *Senhora's* shoulder into her folded arms; it was the rejected letter. Its con-

tact created a shudder of revulsion as the viscous impact of some venomous reptile ; yet while thus pausing in mute agony, the distressed girl entertained no few compunctions at the heartlessness of her conduct which only the misgivings and offended pride accompanying it prevented her from expiating.

When Ypiranga turned, the strange dark beauty was gone. Swiftly she sped over the smooth sands in the white moonlight, the lissome shadow of her retreating figure flitting from dune to dune as the reflected configuration of some silent night-bird in weird and instinctive flight. She came like water and like wind she went. Consuela had fled.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOA VIAGEM.

CONSPICUOUS beyond Inga point, a suburb of Nictheroy, and readily distinguished among a group of small, picturesque islands in the bay, stands a pyramidal, detached rock, surmounted by the antique church of Nossa Senhora da Boa Viagem (Our Lady of the Good Voyage), the patron saint of "those who go down to the sea in ships." The island lies immediately adjacent to a low, projecting hill, of which it once formed a part, and is connected with the mainland by a dilapidated, wooden foot-bridge; the records of the ancient church, which was constructed anterior to 1710, no longer exist; and the "brotherhood" to which it owes its erection, having many decades ago become extinct, the building has fallen into a state of great neglect.

The native sailors, however, still address their devotions to its patroness and burn candles at the shrine of "Our Lady" for deliverance from the dangers of the deep, while once a week a pious *padre* visits the isolated spot to feed with sacred oil the perpetual flame of the sanctuary lamp.

The mouldy walls and humble spire of the little 'igreja' are the last vestiges of home upon which rest the longing eyes of the out-going mariner, and the first to gladden the anxious gaze of the weary, returning *marujo*. Thus,

an object of constant concern and recipient of unceasing devotion, the Boa Viagem constitutes one of the most cherished landmarks in the heart of the devout *Brazileiro*.

It was towards this rocky shrine that Thornton and Ypiranga were trending the evening after the strange visit of unhappy Consuela, apparently oblivious to the presence of Madame Kafka who loitered considerably in the rear. The diplomate had frequently expressed an ardent desire to visit the secluded spot, and it was in fulfilment of her oft-repeated promise that Ypiranga was conducting him thither.

"I had thought the *Senhor* was learning to forget me," spoke the girl; "his coming to my abiding place was of such long deferment; or has he loitered upon his journey hither?"

"No, *querida*; my absence has not been the result of my own volition. Much of an important and unpleasant nature has kept me from the idol of my heart."

"Very prettily expressed," she said, "but there are those who worship multifarious idols simultaneously, and I dare say that your habitation has a goodly quota of *lares* and *penates*. Your devotions, I trust, are not compulsory in their character."

A sinister smile possessed the countenance of the speaker and her companion was as greatly puzzled by the mysterious insinuations as he was perplexed at the manner of their delivery.

"I am at a loss, Ypiranga, to divine your meaning and feel in no mood at this hour to be fribbled with. Do not, I pray you, indulge in badinage."

"Of course not," she replied with slightly elevated eyebrows. "It is unpleasant to have one's foibles des-

canted upon. The dissecting table is no place for the human heart and I should probably desist."

"You speak as strangely as some priestess of ancient witchcraft; your words imply the mystery and vagueness which freighted the utterances of Delphi's oracle," retorted her lover in irritated tones.

"Yes; but not more strangely than others who lay claim to your unstinted friendship. Do you so reprehend them? That which the eye does not see, the heart has no sorrow for, but cruel fate often renders us reluctant witnesses of that which works our own unrest."

"I beseech you, Ypiranga, to tell me what significance your innuendoes convey. Is there aught in which I have grieved you? If so, I am assuredly an innocent offender."

She glanced at him archly.

"It is said," she replied, "that 'infidelity, like treason, admits of no degrees;' but what imports it how heinous your offense may be? I am not the custodian of your fealty, nor have I the prerogative to exercise any exactment concerning you."

"I fear that the *Senhora* has developed into the most arrant of coquettes."

The girl drew away from him haughtily.

"The accusation I deny; but admitting that I have, do you suppose that coquettes possess no feeling? Are they not as others; endowed with the same sensibilities as their sisters?"

"Possibly they are endued with similar attributes; but so habitually insensible to the sufferings of their victims, they should anticipate no commiseration for their own, for they deserve none."

"I had given the *Senhor* credit for a farther-reaching insight into human nature and more thorough comprehension of psychological discriminations. His bestowments of discernment upon this topic are, I apprehend, as meagre as his syllogism is imponderable."

Greville winced under his companion's raillery.

"She who cavils should do better," he rejoined. "Give me your opinion of this subject."

"Coquetry," she began smilingly, "is an inseparable concomitant of love, and to become an accomplished coquette one must either simulate the grand passion or revel in it. Love lights the world though varied in tint may be the play of its flame and vivifying or destroying, its effect. It elevates the soul as the sun lifts up the mists of the morn or sears the heart as the converging rays of the focal-glass; it blinds, it pains, resuscitates and consumes alternately, yet it is omnipotent and omnipresent. In divers climes it glows with various hues and subserves different ends. In the eyes of a Frenchman it is said to be a comedy, in those of the Briton a tragedy. Music has been defined as love in search of a word; therefore the Italian, with his harmony-loving soul, regards it as an opera, while to the dreamy Teuton it becomes a melodrame."

"Pardon the interruption," ejaculated Thornton, "but how, may I ask, is it regarded in Brazil?"

"Here," came the quick response, with a ravishing courtesy, "it is life;" then she continued, "the exercise of this passion is said to be a subtle art, its cult most intricate and that only he or she wins a human heart who has won before. This, of course, applies alone to the professional coquette who has acquired proficiency through

tireless study and self-adaptation, and who doubtless is entitled to but little sympathy when Nemesis assumes her rôle; but the born coquette is one the warp of whose nature is unadulterated love and the woof of whose soul the quintessence of passion. It is as natural for such an one to revel in the light of the universe, exultant, untrammelled and blitheful, as it is for the 'picaflor' (humming-bird) to loll in the lap of the lily, with its nectared sweets, or the *borboleta* to float in rhapsody through golden floods of dazzling sunshine.

"She could no more content herself with the memory of a past love than could the bird or butterfly subsist upon the flower or sunbeam of a summer that is gone. She loves and must be loved in return: it is her delight, her food, her existence. Thornless roses adorn her pathway and she garners them, mellifluent fruits droop from embowered confines and she plucks them, cooling fountains invite her to libation and she quaffs, living in a veritable Eden whose divinity is love. What the dream is to the dreamer, the mountain stream to the trout, the buoyant air to buoyant wing, is love to the coquette born for loving, and, mindful only of the present luscious hour, forgetful of the past, heedless as to the future, she sings in the tongue of Solomon's ideal, 'This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O! daughters of Jerusalem.'

"There exists as great an affinity between loves as there does among the elements, and you can readily perceive how a soul so surcharged with magnetic passion must and does unavoidably and irresponsibly attract to, and absorb in, her soul-centre all psychical entities within the circle of her impact. She is as powerless to refrain

from the exertion of her influence as her affinities are to resist it and is therefore blameless."

"Truly, *Senhora*, you enchant me with your eloquence and I marvel at your intuitive comprehension of so obtruse a theme," exclaimed the *Chargé*, gazing admiringly at her sparkling eyes and slightly suffused cheek.

"But I would have you understand," added the girl, "that there are male as well as female flirts; it has been my fate to meet some of them. Whether they belong to the acquisitive or natural class, must be left to your surmises. Here is the *ponte*."

And she turned to a tottering footway of dilapidated planks spanning the water from shore to island, black with age and feebly supported here and there by smooth, tide-worn boulders.

"Give me your hand," said Greville, "it is impossible for you to cross that crazy structure without assistance."

"I shall do no such thing," she answered, "for not half the distance would be traversed ere you would begin descanting upon the pleasure of thus leading me through life, or some similar blandishment. I prefer to pass unassisted."

Madame Kafka at this moment joined the loitering couple, and the diplomate escorted her over the bridge.

Arriving at the door of the church, Ypiranga handed her attendant a rusty key with which he unlocked the portal and preceded her into the isolated edifice, leaving the chaperon outside, engrossed in the examination of several stranded sea-urchins.

The interior of the 'igreja' was cheerless and scantily furnished. A few frameless "stations" still clung to the

walls, dreary companions to the *Missa Primeira*, surmounting the altar, a popular painting of the first mass in Brazil, common throughout the land, being found in nearly all the convents, churches and cloisters of the country. The stoup was destitute of holy water, and the little box, with its mute appeal, *esmolas para almas* (alms for souls), had crumbled to decay. Sombre shades and silent shadows converted the parti-colored pave of the floor into a chess-board of gloom and light; hesitant rays of the moribund day, subdued by their transit through beclouded pane and sullied cinque-foil, tinged the dusky solemnity with shifting spectrum and gruesome play, while the interfulgent flicker of the lonely sanctuary lamp invested the place with a hallowed influence as the presence of some saintly soul hovering about the portals of an unseen world, than whose exit no weary, worn-out winds expire more soft.

Leaving the *Senhora* standing in the nave, Thornton crossed the transept and, passing behind the reredos, threw open a solitary *janella*, looking toward the Capital Federal.

Beneath him beat the wind-fretted billows of smaragdine tint, and just opposite lay the Passeio Publico with its wealth of tamarind trees nestling below the ghoulis semaphores of 'Gloria' Hill; the dark outlines of one recalling the deep shades of Gethsemane, the spectral configurations of the other suggesting the gibbets of Golgotha whereon perished the "Man of sorrow" and the two reviling thieves.

A few moments the gazer stood with eyes resting upon the darkening vista until aroused from his contemplation by the voice of his companion, asking in softened tones, "For whom are you looking, *Senhor*?"

"Ah! *querida*, why ply me with such purposeless queries? How can I have eyes for aught else save my heart's desire, when she is present?"

"Is it only when she is present that you are so infatuated?"

"Nay, *Senhora*, each gilded moment when you are with me, each sloth-paced, wretched hour of your absence is fraught alone with thoughts of my Brazilian beauty."

"If I have been harsh, forgive," she said. "Here, in this sanctuary, it is meet that I should petition your pardon so that naught save perfect peace may rest between us."

"How shall my heart know peace when hunger is consuming it in torturing agony, and you, alone able to stay its ravages, withhold the only catholicon?"

"Was it for this that you brought me here?" she queried. "I have not frequented these dreary walls since I last sang in the *missa cantada*, when an ominous *mochó* perched upon the holy rood. I then vowed to *Nossa Senhora* never to cross the portal again. Only your importunings could have induced me to disregard that pledge, and last night I was sorely punished for the infraction."

"Of what nature was your punishment; may I ask?"

"Do you know a dark haired woman, very fragile in form and very beautiful in feature, who worships the ground upon which you tread?"

"I know of none such," was the response.

"Remember, *Senhor*, that this, of all places, is the least fitted for deception: a prevarication uttered near the "tabernacle" is a dual transgression, and thus doubly accursed."

"I am innocent of deception," he replied sternly, "and with men of honor, prevarication is impossible."

"If I should go upon my knees by yonder chancel-rail and invoke the Blessed Virgin's assistance, would you impart to me that which I wish to know? Search well your heart before you answer."

"As you already possess the knowledge of my soul's absorbing secret, I assuredly cannot object to your assumption of the rôle of confessor, and listening to a repetitive recital of my unhappiness."

When Greville delivered himself of this chivalrous declaration he was weetless of Consuela's visit, and, assuming upon Ypiranga's ignorance of the conflict raging within his bosom, was perfectly sincere.

The girl drew a trifle closer, and then asked in the most solicitous manner :

"Are you not greatly perturbed by some grave trouble?"

"I have, indeed, been recently most distressingly perplexed ; but concerning an aged friend, whose probity is questioned. I deem it my duty to assist in the establishment of his innocence, yet am at a loss as to the mode of procedure in the discharge of that duty."

"Would it be wise to confide all to me? You are familiar with woman's proverbial weakness concerning the custody of a secret."

"Your magnanimity, I am sure, would be above such requirement."

"What signifies the clandestine correspondence in which you are now engaged? Do you consort with those whose identity it is preferable to conceal?"

"I am unacquainted with any correspondence of such a character."

"Is there not one who has recently passed out from your consociation—one whose whereabouts is at present probably unknown to you and from whom mysterious fate has effected an unwonted divorcement?"

Thornton glanced at the girl askant. Was her inquisition purely coincidental, or was it a foil-thrust guided by a hand of more than usual cunning? The first suggestion was barely within the pale of possibility, yet if the latter was correct, who was her informant? Had she been advised by Bonifacio of Consuela's movements? He had always presumed her ignorant of the Italian woman's existence. Had the villain induced his sister to believe that a *liaison* existed between himself and Ribeiro's wife? These queries flashed across the *Chargé's* mind as he stood wrapped in momentary silence.

"Yes," he replied slowly, proceeding with extreme caution, "there is an acquaintance of mine, a little dark-haired daughter of Italy, who has suddenly quitted her home and who might, if found, possibly assist me in my mission of instauration; but may I inquire the source of your knowledge concerning her movements? Do you know her present place of lodgment?"

"Of her present location," answered Ypiranga, "I know nothing; as to her movements, my adviser would probably decry a revelation of identity. I do not believe, however, that your *inamorata* is within the purlieus of Nictheroy."

"Has your brother been the vehicle of your information?" he asked.

"How unkind of you," she responded, "to broach a subject which you know is interdicted and never alluded to in my presence. Would I hold concourse with one whose name is inscribed in my *index expurgatorius*?"

"It may have chanced that he was an unbidden guest and poured his noxious poison into your unwilling ears."

"I have not seen him—you must guess again."

"I confess my obtuseness and inability to fathom the source of your information. If you attach any credence to my protestations of sincerity, it ill-becomes you to speak of the little Italian as my *inamorata*."

"But you just declared your ignorance of the existence of such an individual."

"You forget, *querida*, that you described her as one who worshipped the ground upon which I tread, and I assuredly knew of none such, nor did I recognize the object of your allusion until you spoke of her unwonted and inexplicable disappearance."

"Had you seen her as I did, *Senhor*, with dishevelled *mantilha* and convulsively clasped hands, had you heard her wild, hysterical laughter and impassioned declaration that her heart's exclusive desire was to assist you, you would not chide my extravagance of expression, nor deem my conclusions the creatures of an overwrought imagination. If love was wanting, she indisputably evinced an immensurate commiseration for your condition and you know the dangerous propinquity existing between pity and the grand passion. But tell me; are you enamored of this devoted suppliant?"

She paused, and pressing her eyelids with her nervous, slender, white fingers, stifled her breath as she attended his reply.

He turned almost fiercely upon her. The sphinx was blinking at the last handful of sand hurled into its fixed orb with childish impetuosity. His companion's allusion to Consuela's pathetic concernment had appealed to the

most tender chords of his sympathy, but her final interrogatory was a defiant disclaimer of all confidence in his previous asseverations, an utter repudiation of his sincerity, an implied excommunication unnestling all emollescence of sentiment.

"Your words, Ypiranga, are almost tantamount to a studied affront." Then halting, he awaited a subsidence of his unwontedly aroused emotion, and at length, proceeding in tranquil voice, said :

"When my heart is filled with but one thought, one passion, one desire, and that thought, that passion, that desire centres in thee alone, how can I regard, save in the light of friendship, the attachment of another? I cannot conceive that you are sincere in your cruel chaffing and retract my former declaration ; but when and where did you see this woman?"

"She was here last night. When I was pacing the 'praia,' wrapped in sweet reflection, she invaded my privacy with clandestine stealth and knelt before me ere I was aware of her vicinage or her approach. I bade her leave me, but she refused. I conjured her to remove herself from my presence, yet again she declined to withdraw unless I consented to become the conveyance of a missive which she declared would be to you a messenger of welcome import. Upon my declination so to act she cast this into my arms and ere I could restore it to her, had departed. She fled with the swiftness of an affrighted doe and here is the precious message. I trust that its contents are not fraught with fatality as was the sealed tablet borne by Bellerophon to the Lycian king," and taking from her bosom Consuela's soiled letter, she tendered it, with a disapprobatory grimace, to the *Chargé*,

who breaking the seal in awkward anxiety, began its perusal.

“*Querido,*

“How can I bear your contempt and bitter hatred when I tell you that which my heart is burning to divulge? It is in your power, and your power alone, to save my poor *Padrinho*. Remember, he once saved my life, and I will now sacrifice mine to rescue him if you refuse assistance. He has been arrested for the theft of the French actress’ jewels, though he is as innocent of the crime as a new-born *menino*. I know that the jewels have been found in his *casa*, yet it is death to me if I declare him guiltless.

“You once said to me that should I ever need your aid, I could have it for the asking, no matter how great the burden it imposed, and that it would be a pleasure for you to serve me. I believed you and am now going to test your sincerity. Remember that it is not for myself I make the appeal, but for a helpless and harmless old man; for my friend, perhaps the only one I have on earth, and your friend also.

“My husband and a companion entered the *pensão* of the *Mademoiselle* and securing the gems in a box, brought them to Petropolis. Here they secreted themselves two days in the *caverna do poço* of *Padrinho’s fazenda*. Did I not tell you, when the *cobra* entered the cave, that nothing good would ever come out of that place? It was in this *caverna* that they had confined the hermit’s four *marmozets* and released them one night, each with a stone in a tiny sack about its neck.

"This, I swear by the Blessed Virgin, is the truth, but I am now powerless to proclaim it, and therefore entreat you to go to the succor of Ermitão, assert his innocence and secure his liberation. The companion who assisted Marcus was the *Contra-Almirante* Andrade—the handsome stranger who stood in the road with my husband the last time that you saw me."

"By the memory of the kiss you gave me in the after-glow of that blissful day we spent together; by the memory of the fragrance which still clings to the *mouchoir* over my heart and makes me glad by the easing of its bitterness; by the memory of your countless protestations of affection and fidelity, I conjure you to assist me now: to do that which I beg of you: to grant my last prayer and save Padrinho.

"Marcus and the Andrade have fled. I am with them, but do not ask me why. Only pity and pray for your once loved, but now despised and heart-broken,

"CONSUELA RIBEIRO."

Thornton read slowly, growing paler and paler as each line burned itself, like a band of heat-whitened steel, into his brain. His heart was sick to the core and the trembling leaf betrayed his unsteady hand and wildly beating pulse.

With eyes riveted upon him Ypiranga noted the pallor of his cheek and detected the surging tide of his heart's blood. Her pride was succumbing fast to love and a mad jealousy possessing every fibre of her frame with fiendish malignity. Advancing a step nearer the window she asked with set teeth and hissing accent:

"Well! what is it?"

The *Chargé* in connivent silence gazed through the casement at the rapidly darkening billows.

"Why do you pale, *Senhor*—has your *Dulcinea* abandoned you?"

He hesitated a moment, wiping the clammy perspiration from his brow, and then replied with ill-concealed composure:

"I shall probably never see her again."

"Were her *adieux* very tender?"

"They have made me quite sad," and the response sank to an almost inaudible whisper.

"Has her departure given you the *creve-cœur*?"

"You alone have the power to engender such an affection."

"It is not a matter of difficulty to divine your ruling passion," she replied; "flattery oozes from your every finger tip. I regret that my marvellous faculty has subserved no better purpose than the creation of pain."

"Thank you," was the pauciloquent rejoinder.

"Am I to be made acquainted with the purport of the communication?" she continued.

"No, Ypiranga, do not ask me that. Trust me; it is for your good that you should remain in ignorance as to the character of the message which you have so kindly, yet reluctantly, brought me. Its contents you must not know."

"But I shall know," she exclaimed frantically, and clutching at the crumpled sheet, wrenched it from her lover's grasp, leaving but a single fragment, bearing the signature alone, trembling between his rigid fingers.

In mad haste she passed to the front of the altar, entered the sanctuary, closing the rail after her, and,

posing beneath the pale flame of the solitary lamp, began tracing out the lines of her coveted and captured trophy.

It would have been an easy matter for the disconcerted diplomate to leap the balustrade and by force reclaim the letter; but the instincts of propriety forbade its execution, and he momentarily desisted. Moreover, Madame Kafka at this moment entered the "igreja" and came groping her way along the nave.

"I fear that my chaperonage has been a trifle abused," exclaimed the lenient matron laughingly. "For the perusal of love missives, the present hour and environments are certainly most inopportune.

The reader turned a blanched face toward her chaperon and extending her arm deprecatingly, with a dramatic gesture enjoined silence. For a moment the good lady stood mute in bewildered astoundment, and as Greville, resting his trembling form upon the edge of a worm-eaten sedilium, remained with head prone upon his bosom and fingers nervously interlaced, an unearthly stillness pervaded the interior of the holy edifice.

Slowly Ypiranga's eyes passed down the page, her teeth burying themselves in proud lips, grown pallid, one hand tremulous in the retention of the epistle, the other spasmodically tapping the stays of her corsage with the uniformity of the death-watch's stroke. The reading finished, she twisted the sheet into a slender, spiral scroll, and thrusting it into the fire of the sanctuary lamp, stoically regarded its incineration. When the last fragment had been reduced to ashes, the girl placed her hands convulsively about her throat, and fell in a deadly swoon upon the stone paving of the floor.

CHAPTER XI.

UNDER THE EUCALYPTUS.

“ALL things come to him who waits.” This adage had been several times most singularly verified in Greville Thornton’s life, and he now bided his time in patient confidence of its full fruition. For two weeks he had daily presented himself at the portal of M. Kafka’s palace, freighted with flowers for the *Senhora* and enquiries of tender solicitude as to the state of her health.

From the *concierge* he received the somewhat stereotyped announcement that *Mademoiselle* was slowly improving, and with this meagre solace he was obliged to husband his faith that the skies would some day come blue to him again.

The garnering of his recompense arrived at last. His *devoirs* were one day accompanied by an exceptionally delicate floral tribute of superb *lirios*, the blue-ribboned card attached bearing the dainty sentiment—“*Qu’elles vous soient un gage d’amour ;*” and the following morning there appeared, in lieu of the almost despised visage of the *concierge*, a pretty *criada* who slipped into his palm a tiny note as she informed him that Ypiranga had entirely convalesced.

The *Chargé* moved away with a lightened heart and broke the seal when his tilbury had turned the first corner. The missive briefly read :

distraught with grief and mor-
tality her lover. "These ravings
persist in the indulgence of such
will surely pay the penalty of

me?" she queried hysterically.
The sweet advent of death ; and
propitious for its coming than
that is life at best, but one long,
that that cannot be realized until
burning in the shadows of the
I hear it now, filling every recess

led at the folds of her gown as
would have sunk to the ground
and her fall. In an instant he
gave her trembling form. Gently
he held her waist and as she allowed
it rested upon his shoulder, he
There had been the passing of a
the predecessor.

A piteous moan ; the stars that
her whitened sands, wept as they
and Heaven shed her tears of
and his love.

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almost imperiously :

"when you are seated opposite me."
Despite his pleadings, the *Chargé*
his former position.

"My appreciation, Ypiranga, is commensurate with the privilege."

"Since I saw you in the Boa Viagem," she proceeded, ignoring his last remark, "I have felt as though I could never meet your gaze again. While the taint of fraternal guilt is not imparted to consanguinity I am buried in the depths of humiliation at your knowledge of my only brother's crime.

"I had hoped, but what is hope except the bridge between our longings and fruition, beneath which flow the waters of disappointment and against whose piers break the billows of despair, that this might still be spared me; yet a strange fatality ever pursues me as the ghoulish presence of some unhallowed spirit. It greets me where the waters glitter, I see it in the sky and feel its propinquity upon the breath of every passing wind. It laughs at me in the splash of the billow, mocks me in the rippling *cascata*, and derides me from the sighing tree-top, crying, as the voice of some lost soul, '*desassocego, desassocego*' (unrest, unrest). Its ubiquity is perpetually made manifest. With the silent fleetness of the woolshod deity of vengeance it hounds my swiftest thought and haunts the chamber of my dreams. It jeered at me when your dark-tinged beauty refused to quit my presence until she had weighted me with her ill-omened mission, and its spectral fingers protruded in clammy coldness from the interior of that Bellerophonic missive which I conveyed to you during my vow-broken visit to the 'igreja.' Unrest, unrest; it is my curse."

Her hands were clasped around her knees and her body swaying to and fro as though propelled by the oscillating momentum of some stupendous pendulum.

"*Senhora*, you are distraught with grief and morbid fancies," ejaculated her lover. "These ravings must cease, for if you persist in the indulgence of such phantasies, your health will surely pay the penalty of your folly."

"What avails that to me?" she queried hysterically. "Gladly would I hail the sweet advent of death; and no hour could be more propitious for its coming than the present. Tell me; what is life at best, but one long, weary yearning for a rest that cannot be realized until the lamp has ceased its burning in the shadows of the tomb? 'Unrest, unrest;' I hear it now, filling every recess of my environment."

Spasmodically she clutched at the folds of her gown as one in great agony, and would have sunk to the ground had not Thornton arrested her fall. In an instant he was by her side, supporting her trembling form. Gently he placed his arm about her waist and as she allowed her head to droop till it rested upon his shoulder, he felt that she was his. There had been the passing of a predecessor, and he was the predecessor.

The night wind made piteous moan; the stars that smiled on Jurujuba and her whitened sands, wept as they peered into the bower, and Heaven shed her tears of saline dew on Greville and his love.

Only for a moment did the girl remain so couched. Only for a moment did her soul thus slumber. With a gasp, as though just emerging from unconsciousness, she raised herself, and said almost imperiously:

"I can better converse when you are seated opposite me."

This she repeated, and, despite his pleadings, the *Chargé* was compelled to resume his former position.

"You must promise me to be very truthful in your answers to my questions, or answer them not at all," Ypiranga began authoritatively.

"If the truth cannot be uttered, I shall remain mute," was the aggrieved reply.

"Do you know my brother?" she asked.

"I have never held converse with him, though I have twice seen him," he answered.

"Will you tell me when and where?"

Now came the test of Thornton's soul. The ill-fated letter had condemned Ypiranga to aggravated unhappiness; could he play the part of executioner by confirming with his own lips her brother's guilt? Was ever man more sorely tried?

"If you insist, *querida*, I will tell you."

"I insist," she replied calmly.

"My first conscious glimpse of him was obtained the night that we attended La Bernhardt's performance."

"Who pointed him out to you?"

"He was not pointed out. I met him by accident, and was not aware of his identity until I saw him the second time."

"Was he alone?"

"Do not ask me that, *Senhora*; spare me, I beseech you," cried the young man imploringly.

"Pray answer me. Have no thought as to my feelings; I must know all," slowly responded the girl.

"He was with Marcus Ribeiro."

"And who is Marcus Ribeiro?"

"The husband of the woman who brought you the letter. An acquaintance not to be proud of, I regret to say."

"Where did you see them, *Senhor*?"

"At the *Pensão* of *Mademoiselle* Bernhardt, upon the *Praia Flamengo*."

"That was impossible, *meu amigo*, for I saw him myself at the playhouse during the rendition of *Cleopatra*. He raised his lorgnette toward me, and it was then that I swooned."

"It was after we had taken you home, *Ypiranga*. I was returning from the 'Candados,' when I encountered *Bonifacio* and *Marcus* at the place I have designated."

"How could he have been at the theatre and upon the *Flamengo* in so brief a period subsequent?"

"I should opine that an hour had elapsed between the time of your indisposition and my passing the *Pensão*."

"Is it probable that one meditating crime would frequent a place of such a character as the *Theatro Lyrico* an hour before its commission?"

"I cannot speak of probabilities, *Senhora*. I only know that I saw him."

"Are you quite sure, *Senhor*?"

"Quite sure."

"Could there possibly be no mistake?"

"There could be none."

The maiden heaved a deep sigh, and a strange light burned within her eyes.

"In what were they engaged?" she continued.

"They were just quitting the building with a basket, which they placed in a 'padaria' cart."

"Could not my brother have been unwittingly assisting this *Ribeiro* in his villany?"

"From their conversation, which I was so unfortunate as to overhear, they were undoubtedly confederates."

"As a silent witness, have you not rendered yourself amenable to the law by becoming an accessory?"

"After I had recovered from my surprise, I did cry '*Espera*,' but they were already moving away and jeers were all that I received."

"Did you also recognize Marcus Ribeiro?"

"His identification was complete."

"Then Bonifacio Andrade is a criminal!"

"You have said it."

"Must he die for his offense?"

"Not so, Ypiranga; there is no capital punishment in Brazil. If convicted, he will be sent to prison."

"Could I not go in his stead?"

"The days of vicarious atonement have long since passed away: in this country at least. But why should innocence and virtue expiate the crime of one so depraved as he?"

"He is my only brother and bears our family name. He is young and handsome and has yet much to live for, while I have nothing. This, however, is but a reiteration of my weary life's burthen. Tell me when next you saw Bonifacio."

"He was conversing with Ribeiro at Petropolis."

"Who revealed his identity to you?"

"Consuela."

"Who is Consuela?"

It must be remembered that when Ypiranga had snatched the letter from her lover's hand in the *Boa Viagem*, the signature was left fluttering between Greville's fingers, and she was ignorant as yet of the writer's name.

"Marcus Ribeiro's wife," replied the *Chargé*.

"She who wrote that execrable letter?"

"The same."

"What is this strange fabrication concerning a recluse and his *marmozets*, with their marvellous return of jewelled burthens?" she asked.

"The hermit is none other than old Honoré, who lives alone on the 'Serro da Estrella.' You have heard me speak of him frequently. I know him well and have seen his *ouistitis*: I have also seen the jewels," rejoined Thornton.

"Will his improbable story receive credence?"

"That I cannot answer. I, however, believe him innocent of any criminal implication. I was present at his arrest, and though he might have readily circumvented the officers in their search, he voluntarily presented the stolen gems at his preliminary examination; still it must be confessed that they have not yet been identified as the property of the *tragedienne*."

"You said a moment ago that if convicted, my brother would go to prison. Who is there to convict him?"

"With the exception of myself, *Senhora*, no one is aware of his guilt save Ribeiro and his wife, and they have fled. The unfortunate part of the affair, however, is, that an innocent old man has not only been accused, but apprehended for the offense."

"Suppose I declare that I am the thief; what would you say?" enquired the girl, springing to her feet.

"I should refuse to believe you."

"What if I show you the jewels now?"

"Come, Ypiranga; this is sheer persiflage," he remarked sternly.

"If I were to present myself before the authorities and proclaim my guilt, what then would be your course, *Senhor*?"

"I should request to be sworn and detail my knowledge of the burglary."

"But no offense has been imputed to Bonifacio."

"True."

For a moment Ypiranga was silent; then advancing a step nearer her lover, she extended her arm tragically and, pointing towards him, said in fervent voice:

"Greville Thornton, you are the only witness of my brother's guilt. His destiny rests in your hands. What am I to expect of you?"

The *Chargé* buried his face in his palms, and a groan of deep anguish was his only reply.

Slowly the girl allowed her hand to descend till it rested upon the head of the bowed man before her. She was crying now and bitter tears were straying adown the front of her robe and moistening Greville's hair. They were her first tears shed in her lover's presence, and they were silent ones; but his low sobbing broke the stillness of the star-lit gloom.

How cruel is fate not to assign to love a current ever consonant with duty. Divine writ has declared that no one can serve two masters synchronally, and yet the heart is oftentimes doomed to the occupancy of one habitant and the allegiance of another—a temple dedicated to the service of a patron deity, yet filled with devotees of an antagonistic and jealous god. Thus will conflicting fealty be perpetually demanded till life's weary campaigning is over, the idol consumed by expiatory flames and the human organ lies upon the sands of time, a crushed and bleeding corse.

Had the sorrowing twain listened in their grief, they might have heard the stealthy tread of a loitering foot just beyond the wall, but they did not, and only Mundica at the vicinal portal caught glimpse of a lurking figure clad in the naval uniform of Brazil.

For some time Thornton sat in silence with Ypiranga standing near him; then he felt a gentle pressure of the hand upon his head and heard his companion's voice calling almost in a whisper, and in tones employed by those endeavoring to arouse one from slumber.

"Senhor; Senhor!"

He raised himself and sat erect.

"Who is it that has come between me and that which I desire?" she began hesitantly. "Is not this Honoré an aged and decrepid man? Has he not survived the wonted allotment of life; does he not dwell in isolation and would there be aught to mourn his passing away; or is it the pretty Italian who, in her exactment of your fulfilling 'your countless protestations of affection and fidelity' enslaves you?"

The diplomate arose from his seat.

"She has not crossed my thoughts," he said; "but do you appreciate the gravity of your suggestion?"

"I am fully cognizant of all its consequences; yet is that old man more to you than I am? You have called me your life, your soul; why will you intercede in his behalf to the detriment and destruction of that life and soul? Possibly it is the fragrance of a perfumed *mouchoir* enwrapping an absent heart; possibly the pride of an idle boast that aid should be rendered 'for the asking;' or possibly the 'memory of a kiss in the after-glow of a blissful day,' you see how her words have branded them-

selves upon my brain. Are such reveries and reminiscences hypnotic?"

Thornton shuddered.

"No, no; not that," he said; "but what of my manhood; my probity; my honor?"

"Honoré is ignorant of your ability to exculpate him," and she placed her hand on his shoulder, standing so near him that the pulsings of her heart were distinctly audible. "Consuela will never return and I am the sole partner of your knowledge."

"The Municipal Government has been advised anonymously that I am in possession of relevant facts and has requested confirmation of its truth."

"Who could have volunteered such advice?" she asked.

"I surmise that it was none other than the *Contra Almirante*," he replied.

"He saw you with me at the playhouse, and it is consistent with his diabolism; but he is my brother, none the less. The hermit is only your friend, while Bonifacio is my nearest kinsman. For my sake do this thing and save him."

Thornton hesitated.

With a plaint as that of a wounded doe, she threw herself upon her knees before him and spasmodically clutched his garments. He stooped and bade her rise, essaying to assist her.

"No, no," she moaned; "not till you have promised me, not till you have promised me."

"*Senhora*, you must rise or I will quit your presence," he said imperatively.

As a tigress she bounded to her feet and with the laugh of a maniac threw her arms around her lover's neck, crying in piteous and appealing tones.

"Greville, Greville, you must save him, you must."

"If I do this thing," he asked, "may I hope to call you mine? Will your heart relent and renounce its stolid resolution?"

The girl pushed him away from her and holding him at arm's distance, answered as one speaking in a trance.

"When you have saved my brother, come to me: then, if after I have revealed to you my heart's accursed secret—told you all, you are still willing to take me by the hand and say 'Ypiranga, will you be my wife?' I shall tell you 'yes.'"

Raising his gaze to the Southern Cross, Thornton stood for a moment as one dumb. The fire of despair faded from his eyes and then pointing to the imperial constellation, he slowly enunciated:

"By that I promise."

Oh! Greville Thornton, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Weak mortal, thou, thus to falter in the path of duty: yet not alone has thy ship stranded upon the reefs of love's persuasion, for the seas of eternity are strewn with the wrecks of human hopes and aspirations wrought by woman's wiles.

His arm was around her, and she was pillowed upon his bosom. Twice he attempted to kiss her, but she parried the effort effectually.

"Not yet, Greville," she protested. "Not till I am your wife."

"One would think that the fatal poison of Rappaccini's daughter hung upon your lips," he retorted.

"When you have heard their story, you may not want to touch them," said the girl sadly.

"It will be my undying happiness to ever feast upon their nectared sweets," was his rejoinder.

"Do you know the portent of the milk-white star?" she asked.

"I have never heard of it; but my faith in astrology is as frail as a rope of sand. I know not under what star you were born, dear heart; nor do I care. I know nothing now beyond the bliss of my happiness—of your plighted troth. Do you recall, *mimosa*," he continued, "those souvenirs you gave me when we sought the raspberries at Petropolis?"

"Dear old Petropolis," she murmured.

"Precious, precious gifts," sighed Thornton. "Do you remember what you said when you gave me them?"

"How could I forget? I was so happy then."

"I have always borne them with me since that hour, and should I die away from you, I desire them deposited in my coffin; but I still hope that yours may be the hand that shall close my eyes when the angel of death has passed over my pillow, and my spirit takes its place across the bar to await the coming of her whom in this life it knew and loved as Ypiranga."

"Oh! Greville, will you always love me so," she exclaimed, "and never weary of your little dove?"

"True passion is the breath of the soul," he replied; "and like the soul itself is immortal. It is everlasting, and cannot perish. How good God was to give you to me; I shall call you *Dieudonnée*, and ever thank Him for His priceless largess."

Suddenly the girl began to tremble as though stricken with palsy, and tearing herself from her lover's embrace, cried reproachfully:

"Oh ! what have I done ; what have I done ? How could I be so base ? What perfidy is mine—how you must despise me. Curse me, *Senhor* ; crush me with your feet, trample upon me, and I shall receive but a tithe of my just deserts. Blinded by selfishness and desperation, I have appealed to woman's most potent, yet unscrupulous ally to aid me in an unholy cause. By my persuasions and entreaties I have dishonored your regard for me, and through that regard ensnared your promise of collusion—induced you in a moment of weakness to become, for my sake alone, a perjurer. Oh ! wretch that I am ; what must you think of so vile and miserable a creature ?"

"Not so. You are in error, *mimosa*. There shall be no occasion for perjury. The immunities of my diplomatic position exempt me from civil process ; I shall simply avail myself of my official prerogatives, and decline to testify—that is all."

"Will you, will you ?" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Have I not so sworn ?"

"Oh ! thank you, thank you ; but it is late, *Senhor*, and you must now quit me. *Não esquecerei nunca o que tem feito por mim.*"

CHAPTER XII.

NA MADRUGADA.

THE Brazilians' ancestors were Portuguese who are cousins-german to the Spaniards, and who, like their kinsmen, have contracted the habit of never accomplishing to-day that which can be deferred until the morrow. Brazilian posterity has inherited this trait of procrastination, and one consequently hears at every turn in the youngest Republic of South America the characteristic phrase, '*amanha*' (to-morrow). The native poet, however, in speaking of the early morning hour, which the average *Brazileiro* seldom sees, has couched the expression in the euphonious idiom, '*na madrugada*'—in the morning.

The ferry boat that left Nictheroy at ten o'clock the night of the rendezvous, bore Greville Thornton to the Capital Federal. He purposed returning to the Legation *na madrugada*, and for the facilitation of this design, had during the day engaged apartments at the 'Hotel Estrangeiros,' an hostlery near the centre of the city and in closer proximity to the early packet.

There are two media of communication between Rio de Janeiro and the mountain city of Petropolis. The more convenient and popular route is to take the *barca* which leaves the *Prainha* at seven a. m. and four p. m., daily, conveying the passenger across the bay, thirteen

miles in width at this point, to Mauá, on the opposite shore. From here one is transported over the oldest railroad in South America, having been built in 1854, through twelve miles of tall papyrus, to the Raiz da Serra, or root of the mountain. At this relay the train of cars is segregated and one engine assigned to each carriage for its conduct up the steep *serra*. The hazardous ascent is nearly four miles in length and frequently represents an incline of one foot in six. The mountain is scaled by the Riggensbach system of railroad climbing, with the huge driving wheel situated in the centre of the locomotive, cogged and fitted into sockets of a third, duplex rail in the middle of the track.

The engines, with tenders elevated at the rear, so as to preserve a level in ascending, causing them to resemble gigantic katydids, chafe and snort and disgorge their fire while en route starward, suggesting toiling demons. At the Alto da Serra, or summit of the range, the train is reunited and rolls into the great station of the "summer capital" with an egotistic whistle and self-satisfied demonstration of smoke and steam.

The longer but more picturesque approach is the old Imperial highway, a masterly specimen of civil engineering. This macadamized road, extending more than one hundred miles into the Organ Mountains, was fostered by the late Emperor, Dom Pedro Segundo, de Alcantara, the government pledging itself to reimburse the constructor for all money spent thereon, and to pay him a handsome bonus per mile in the event of its permitting any other enterprise to run counter to, or antagonize his monopoly. Consequently when the franchise for the construction of the inclined railway between the Raiz da

Serra and Petropolis was granted to the Principe do Grão Pará Company in 1883, though nearly depleting its coffers, the government faithfully fulfilled its pledge, and the constructor became the wealthiest man in all Brazil.

When the *Chargé* reached the 'Estrangeiros,' in lieu of retiring, he responded to a sudden impulse which seemingly impelled him to quit the city that night. Not usually indulgent to such strange caprices, his acquiescence in the promptings of this irresistible influence was a pronounced deviation from his normal rule of conduct.

Immediate departure for the Legation necessitated recourse to the Imperial highway, and by this route he decided to travel. His application at the *estrebária*, for the effectuation of this decision, met at first with a curt refusal; but by dint of persuasion and liberal remuneration, the proprietor was finally induced to assent, and, with a pair of the fleetest mules attached to a light *carroça*, Thornton was driven at a break-neck gallop over the miserably-paved thoroughfares leading out of the city.

Leaving the *suburbios*, the road skirts the north-western shore of the bay, and along this arcuated turnpike the traveller rapidly passed, soon putting the villages of Mority, Pilar and Estrella, with their sparse twinkling lights, far in the distance behind him.

The moon was gone, the midnight constellations stood sentinel in the zenith, and the illuminations of the receding city seemed to clap their hands in gleeful glister to sky-born mates, in accord with his heart's gladness and in silent proclamation of the same. He had, in the past

few hours, swept the gamut of passion from despair to ecstasy; and the song in his soul, yet sonant with the echo of vibrant chords, now declared his happiness without alloy.

It is quite as easy to deceive one's self as it is to deceive others, and Greville had cajoled himself into the belief that he was happy. Closely he hugged the vain conceit, and hugged it with a tenacity worthy of emulation; a tenacity that gave to revelation a semblance of cruelty and crime. Was not Ypiranga, the fairest flower of the Brazils, his promised bride, and was not happiness his prerogative? To be sure, in contemplating matrimony, he recalled Lord Lytton's asseveration that "All women belong to him who is single;" and recognized the sacrifice involved in relinquishing all women for one; but every celibate of thirty-five, who purposes becoming a Benedict, entertains similar reflections.

His observation had also taught him that in a majority of instances, marriage, instead of being the consummation of love, is its antidote, and merely an *ennui* for two; yet, like most men, while tacitly admitting the accuracy of the condition, he accounted it framed exclusively for others, and regarded his instance the individual exception. If any exprobatory dereliction of duty was suggested, he found extenuation in his anomalous philosophy; and the insinuation was accorded a prompt entombment in the shades of momentary oblivion.

In appealing for vindication, he raised his eyes towards the heavens.

"Space," he murmured, "is the statue of divinity, and, gazing into space, I behold the image of the Divine; let that image testify to my justification."

Scarcely had the apostrophe been given birth, ere a fulgent flash of light leapt over the billows of the bay, and fitfully danced before the vision of the challenger. It was the flame of the 'pharol,' sweeping the water and "searching for the secrets of the human heart."

Greville shuddered. What signified the answer? It surely was coincidental; yet it seemed as an echo of Ypiranga's voice, repeating her words and mocking their interpretation. Would that it could search her heart and reveal to him that hideous secret which she so persistently declared was its burden. Would that it could permeate the depths of his own soul, and illumine with incontrovertible perspicuity the deserted pathway of duty. The "Lead, kindly light" of England's apostate cardinal was unconsciously the purport of his midnight invocation.

The *Chargé* now passed into a cloud; for the ascent had been encountered, and the light of the 'pharol' was shut out from him. Reclining upon the cushion of his *carroça*, he lapsed into a state of drowsiness, and a phantasmal apparition arose before him. The pale delineation of a crucifix stood upon the summit of the 'Serra da Estrella,' bearing upon its transept the monome, 'olvidado' (forgotten). The visage of the crucified One took on the lineaments of Max Honoré, his eyes fastening themselves, in their mute monopathy, with reproachful regard upon the dreamer; and Consuela knelt at the foot of Calvary's spectral tree.

Then the scene shifted, and the modern Golgotha was transferred to 'Gloria' Hill with its ghostly semaphores. The crucial mould had transformed itself into the configuration of the Southern Cross. The features of the pendent sufferer became his own, the barbs of the tem-

poral crown were interwoven with the name, Ypiranga, and the faithful female, bowed before him, bore semblance to the *Senhora*. He felt the torture of the thorns and cruel spear-thrust, tasted the bitterness of the hyssop, and from the jeering, visionary throng ascended the cry, "Remember thy promise ; remember thy vow."

With a crash the gibbet fell, and the dreamer awoke. He gazed about him. The Southern Cross rested low upon the horizon ; and pointing toward the siderial group, he exclaimed from between clinched teeth, "Upon that constellation has my soul been crucified ;" then fell back upon the cushions distressed, exhausted and distraught.

An hour passed as his belabored team lumbered onward. The Meio da Serra had been gained, and a solitary star glimmered from the crest of the 'Estrella ;' it was the light of the hermit's lonely *casa*. Thornton caught the feeble ray, and felt its inspiration. His friend was probably reading, or watching, or praying—but the hermit never prayed. No ; Max never prayed, as other men pray. He opined that his feeble supplication was too weak a tether with which to hamper Deity's volition. He who controlled the universe needed no advice from him ; the "searcher of all hearts" was cognizant of his puny desires, and would ignore or respect them as He deemed it most expedient. If it was true that He noted "the falling of a sparrow," and regarded such minutiae, a lowly image of Himself would fall within the purview of His care and consideration. Moreover, experience taught the futility of endeavoring to comprehend Divine dispensation as concomitant with pain or sorrow, and he acquiesced ; not as Julian, the apostate, protesting in

helpless rage, "Thou Galilean, thou hast conquered ;"
but in the spirit of him who sang,

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air."

His life was his prayer and he awaited its fruition.

The solitary light of the lonely recluse found access to recesses of Greville's heart that the flame of the 'pharol' had failed to penetrate, and revealed in unequivocal lucidity the tortuous windings of duty's path.

That Cimmerian darkness, which is said to prevail just prior to dawn, enveloped Petropolis as the *Chargé* alighted before the door of his Legation. When a munificent *pourboire* had been received, the driver proposed an immediate return to the Capital but Thornton remonstrated.

"Take your animals to the Companhia Tattersal," he said ; "and come to me to-morrow at sunset. You will find your expenses paid and your *pourboire* trebled."

The Jehu at first demurred, but eventually succumbed to the metallic charms of the argument.

Wearily the master entered his cheerless mansion and groped his way to the library. The atmosphere of the apartment was stuffy, and he threw open a casement for ventilation ; then, igniting a *bougie* which stood upon the mantel, he seated himself in his favorite lounging chair with a heart-born, despairing sigh. The room had never appeared so dreary, nor the walls so desolate as now. A hitherto unknown disquietude had taken possession of him and he seemed endowed with Ypiranga's unrest—had he exchanged souls with the girl when she lay upon his bosom beneath the eucalyptus ? A touch of her gown

or rustle of her skirts would have brought him immensurate relief; but such longings availed him nothing at present.

Several large record books of the Legation lay upon the centre-table, one of them open, revealing a colorless *boutonniere* of pressed blossoms between the heavy pages. Withdrawing his eyes from these mementos, Greville noticed that the rays of the *bougie* illumined a photograph of the *Senhora* hanging immediately back of the sconce, upon the wall. He arose, passed over to the mantel and stood before the picture, gazing long and lovingly at the lips that seemed to speak to him, and the eyes that appeared full of mute reproach. Imploringly he extended his arms toward the portrait.

"Oh! my precious idol," he cried, "if I have been false in aught to thee, forgive. Let not thy beauteous lips chide me, nor thy lustrous eyes greet me with reproach. I have striven, oh! so hard, to win thee, and more bitter than the waters of Marah would now be thy abandonment. Never canst thou know, dear heart, my soul's great perturbation, till thou hast learned it all in Paradise. Take me, oh! my idol, take me; save me, oh! my darling, save me; heed me, ere it be too late."

The lips of the likeness before him seemed to move and "Kismet" fell upon his ear.

"Yes," he sobbed, "it is fate. Fate to idolize and serve thee; fate to worship thee; fate to do thy every bidding; fate to follow—not to part. No, no; not that—not to part."

Then turning to the open casement, "Oh! God, grant me the light—show me the way. Yet if Thy herald bid

me turn my feet backward, fit Thou my 'neck for the yoke and my shoulder for the burden.'"

He flung himself into a chair by the table and resting his arm upon the ledge, formed of it a pillow for his weary, aching head. Thus he remained for a long time, contending with the wildly struggling impulses that waged fierce battle for the mastery within his breast.

"How am I to know," he asked himself, "that that accursed letter is genuine—how am I to know that Consuela ever penned it, when I am ignorant of her very chirography?"

At that moment a gentle breeze wafted its balmy breath through the open casement and from the unclosed volume before him an object floated softly to the floor. Stooping to recover it, he recognized the agave leaf bearing Consuela's name which she had scrawled thereon with his penknife when she sat by his side at the hermit's gate upon the day of their first visit thither. Nervously he drew from his card case the torn fragment, left between his fingers in the *Boa Viagem*, and compared the two signatures. The "Consuela Ribeiro" of the one, was the "Consuela Ribeiro" of the other. There was no escape, and again the feeble light of the hermit's lonely *casa* found entrance to his heart. He arose with determination depicted in his blanched and haggard countenance. *The conflict between love and duty was ended* and love had been driven from the field.

Hastily he donned a heavy surtout and having carefully trimmed his bull's-eye lantern, was about to summon Desirée to accompany him, but recalling the hermit's antipathy to dogs, he allowed the faithful canine to slumber in her kennel. He was going to see Max and tell him

all : tell him of his doubts, his great grief and his terrible sacrifice. How delighted the old man would be to learn of the unexpected succor and timely deliverance from impending misery. The vow registered upon the *Cruz do Sul* was better served in the infraction than in the observance ; and if he was not happy, he was at least content.

The soft, seductive light of dawn was just flecking the eastern sky as Thornton reached the *caverna do poço*. Thrusting aside the debris at the orifice, he entered the uncanny excavation ; for what he still sought was the complete confirmation of Consuela's story. At the rear end of the passage he found several bits of candle and discarded tin cases, formerly the receptacles of preserves and canned meats, clearly indicating that some one had recently been occupying the cavern as a temporary habitation. Consuela had not lied to him. Emerging from the place, he extinguished his light, and proceeded rapidly towards Honoré's home.

The first ray of the morning sun was gilding the summit of old Dedo de Deus as the visitor crossed the plateau, and knocked at the door of the *casa*. His demand for admission received no response ; but Max was probably entrapping the *borboleta nocturna* (night-moth), and had not yet returned.

He seated himself to await his aged friend's coming, when the gleeful chatter of the *marmozets* from the interior of the house reached his ear. Cautiously approaching the building, that he might not arrest them in their play, he peered through an open shutter of the sleeping room, and saw Honoré reposing upon his couch, with the monkeys gamboling over his breast and toying with his whitened

locks. In his slumber he looked a decade older than when the *Chargé* had seen him last. So peaceful was his rest that Greville shrank from arousing him to consciousness. Max Honoré slept; but his sleep was a dreamless one. The body was yet tepid, for his spirit had passed away *na madrugada*.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIEUDONNÉE'S PRAYER.

A CLOUD-ENSHROUDED sun had set upon the cheerless, wind-swept streets of Paris. Hundreds of *fiacres*, with their many-colored lamps, rolled twinkling down the icy boulevards and broad Champs Elysees, from the Arc de Triomphe to the colonnades of the Louvre. A struggling moon feebly illumined the tall tower of St. Jacques, the apsis of Notre Dame and the cold, silent walls of the neighboring morgue; while over the city the gilded dome des Invalides glimmered as some phosphorescent monster of the air.

In a dingy chamber upon the fifth *etage* of a tenement house on the Rue de la Victoire, upon whose towering cornice the last ray of the departed sun had lingered as in pitying regret, sat a woman amid surroundings of poverty and sorrow.

Upon the walls of the room hung, in evidence of better days, a faded reprint of Alexander Cabanel's death of Francesca da Rimini, that tragic heroine of whom Dante speaks in most exquisite innuendo when he makes her say, "And in its leaves no more we read that day;" and the light of a few charcoals upon the hearth revealed an empty table, a solitary bed and two chairs as the only articles of furniture in the apartment. The blackened mantel-shelf was ornamented by an unignited rush and

a shrivelled orange ; while here and there some ragged wearing apparel did service in precluding the entrance of the chilling blast through the many broken window panes.

"*Maman*," came the soft enquiry of a childish voice from the bed ; "*maman*, are you asleep ?"

"No, *mignon*," replied the woman ; "but I thought you were. Can you not rest, daughter ?"

"Oh ! *maman*, I have had such a beautiful dream," answered the child. "I thought that we were away in the southern country, that the good doctor told us of, with pretty flowers and delicious fruits ; with rivulets of the coolest water and glorious sunshine. And best of all, *maman*, I thought that you were happy and did not cry as now you do—we will see it some day ; will we not, *maman* ?"

"I trust so," was the sob-smothered response, and, suppressing her choking tears, the mother moved toward the couch where lay her only child, and that child an invalid.

"You must sleep now, darling, and tell me of your dream in the morning, for you are becoming excited, and you know the doctor said that was not good for my little one."

"But, *maman*, I cannot sleep. I am burning up with heat."

"This orange will refresh you, dear," said the mother, encouragingly, passing her the fruit from the mantel.

Two little emaciated arms were thrust out from beneath the coverlet, and two tiny hands, wasted away to the diminutiveness of bird's claws, parched and attenuated by fever, clasped the proffered viand.

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up the pain-suffused eye, and the lips took on the semblance of a smile; but the orange soon proved too heavy for the disease-withered fingers, and it fell from the patient's feeble grasp to the floor.

"*Maman*, I am so hungry; I want something more than fruit."

"*Maman* has nothing now for her darling to eat; but in the morning—in the morning; oh! my God, what?" and the wretched woman sank upon her knees by the bedside in a paroxysm of unutterable despair.

Cerise Carbonelle was the only child of a Parisian *forgeron*; but her matchless beauty had elevated her far above the station to which she had been born.

Her maternal uncle, who had been the captain of an East Indiaman, and a bachelor of some considerable possessions, charmed with the pretty features of his fair young niece, had spent much of his wealth in bestowing upon her a good education. One day, however, he sailed away, never to be heard from again, and his bones and his fortune presumably repose together at the bottom of the sea.

Cerise's father was killed in the communistic insurrection of 1871, and having lost her mother when she was yet an infant, the girl was thrown early in life upon her own resources for a livelihood. Then began a struggle such as only a young woman, without friends or fortune and living in the heartless French capital, can comprehend.

Her handsome face brought her many lovers, but to each suitor she turned a deaf ear, and after considerable deliberation finally adopted the lyric stage as her profession. Her initial efforts were attended with flattering

success, when the same fatal beauty which had removed her from the environments of the forge and started her far upon the road leading to the achievement of professional distinction, was destined to work her own undoing.

At the close of one of her renditions she had met a handsome young officer from the Brazilian warship lying in the harbor at Le Havre, and, temporarily infatuated with the Parisian cantatrice, Bonifacio Andrade lost no time in declaring his passion. His advances were not objectionable to Cerise and pleading the early departure of his vessel, the *Contra Almirante* had induced her to consent to an immediate marriage. He had at first urged a secret union, declaring that public announcement of their nuptials would embarrass his official relations with the navy, but to this proposition the girl persistently declined to consent. Andrade yielded and Cerise was wedded in the Madeleine only to find herself in six weeks' time an abandoned wife.

With blighted hopes and a broken heart the deserted bride set her face against the cheerless future, and when her baby girl was born, she had named it Dieudonné (God-given), as a token that in the bestowal of this new ray of sunshine a seemingly merciless Creator had not entirely forgotten her. The young mother now discarded the stage and resorted to the decoration of china as the means of support for herself and child. In her new vocation she had managed for seven years to secure a comfortable maintenance for the twain until Dieudonné was taken sick.

Gradually the child grew weaker and weaker until she was compelled to take to her bed and the mother's entire

earnings were consumed in the procurance of drugs and medical attendance. Maternal love conquered pride and Cerise had appealed to Bonifacio for succor, but her letters were treated with silent disdain, and one after another articles of virtue, plate and furniture had found their way into the pawnbroker's shop until the apartment was nearly denuded.

The physician had said that Dieudonnée might recover her health and strength were she removed to a warmer clime, and recommended the south of France. He had expatiated in the child's hearing upon the beauty of the blue waves and sunny shores incident to the Mediterranean coast, and for months afterwards, each bright day, the little sufferer had patiently watched for a tiny patch of sunlight that penetrated the chamber in the afternoon and rested upon the floor of the dingy room.

When it came, the child would feebly clasp her hands in ecstasy at its advent, and exclaim :

"See, *maman* ! there is some of the radiant sunshine from that far-off country. When will we go there, *maman* ?"

Then, as the fragmentary ray would diminish in size, and creep slowly away, she would clutch her mother's gown, and cry in tones of abject terror :

"Oh ! *maman*, don't let it go ; please don't let it go. Let us follow the sunshine to its home, and when I grow strong there, I can help you work, *maman* ; and we will both be so happy."

Ye sons and daughters of affluence who have stood by the bedside of some loved relative or companion, and realized that all which wealth and luxury could command was unavailing in staying the encroachment of the "grim

reaper," what agony is yours? but to the mother who daily beholds the wasting away of her only one, conscious that a few paltry coins, thoughtlessly and lavishly squandered by others, might staunch the ebbing life-tide of her darling, the bitterness of her heart's consuming sorrow alone is fathomable.

What the solar waif was to the child, was the child itself to Cerise's life—a divine visitant—and this single solace of her existence was now rapidly fading away.

Her pent up grief refused to longer obey the dictates of self-control; and in a flood of tears the woman remained kneeling by the couch, her face buried in its scanty drapery.

"Do not cry, *maman*; it makes my heart ache so," said the child. "I can wait till morning; I am not hungry now—indeed I am not," and the hot little hand rested upon the mother's head with the weight of a robin's feather.

"*Maman* has nothing for her darling to eat in the morning, and no money to buy food with unless she begs for it," moaned the mother.

For a moment all was silence, when the sufferer queried feebly:

"Have you asked God, *maman*? He gives us the sunshine; will He not also send us food?"

"I fear, my child, that God has forgotten us. My life has been one unceasing prayer ever since you were taken ill; yet it would seem that He will not hearken to my petitions. Were it my curse alone, I could willingly bear it; but why, oh! why, should my innocent darling thus suffer?"

"*Maman*, let me try," said Dieudonné. "May be God will hear me if I pray;" and the little arms were now twined around the parent's neck.

Too feeble to kneel, the child thus supported herself, while from the parched lips of the white-robed figure came the simple prayer :

"Dear God, please don't let poor *maman* cry so, and please send me something to eat, that I may soon get well and help *maman* work. Oh ! dear God, please hear little Dieudonnée to-night—just this once."

Then she fell back upon the pillow with a smile of happy confidence, and in a brief while her heavy breathing told that sheer exhaustion had put her into slumber.

Through the watches of the lonely night Cerise sat by her sleeping daughter, counting each respiration, and waiting for the end to come ; sat till the cold, cheerless gray of the morning stole into the room, and the noises of the street below betokened the awakening of another day's life and energy.

The breakfast hour had come, and she thanked God that her idol still slumbered.

Suddenly there was a rude knock upon the chamber door, and "*Pour Madame,*" said the gruff *facteur*, as he handed Cerise a large package from the post.

In surprised eagerness she broke the seal. It contained a *lettre de change* for five thousand francs, and was merely subscribed, "*Ypiranga.*"

Dieudonnée's prayer had been answered ; and when an hour later the child sipped fragrant cocoa, and partook of nutritious viands, as her mother descanted upon the prospective trip to southern France, she said in simple faith :

"*Maman*, God sometimes hears little ones when He refuses to listen to grown folks. Doesn't He?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GUNS BEFORE NICTHEROY.

THE sunlight and shadows of half a year had come and gone; the pæans and threnodies of half a year had alternately whelmed the heart of Greville Thornton, and the exorcising of hesitant hopes and crushing apprehensions had been his almost daily avocation.

The *Chargé* sat by an open casement in the early matin hour of a soft September day, watching the coming sun tinting the nebulous harbingers of its advent with *souppçons* of crimson and *madreperola*, and listening to the dreamy bells of 'Sagrado Coração,' whose mellow, melting music had so often lulled his soul to slumber and reverie half divine.

If there be a thread uniting this world with the beyond, an arc spanning the interstice which lies between the celestial and the terrestrial, that thread, that arc is music. I have sometimes opined that it is the voice of unembodied souls frequenting the realms of the invisible; for its subtle, yet potential influence gets nearer to the human heart, and reaches further into the depths of that heart's recesses than any other of the unseen external energies. Man may commune with Deity through prayer; but Heaven's responses are breathed in the measures of melody.

As the heart craveth, so the mouth speaketh. The shepherd paints his heaven as a land of "green pastures

and still waters ;" the dreamer describes it as abounding with delectable mountains and eternal founts ; the savage calls it a "happy hunting-ground;" while the sordid soul of the Jewish writer revels over gates of precious stones and paves of gold, and the ancient scribe, forgetting that he was inditing for posterity, and that time changes all things, depicts it, in his own narrowness of mind, as a city of walls, defining their length, breadth and number of portals with marvellous minuteness ; but the inspired psalmist delights to style it a place of harp and song, sonant with glorious rhapsodies born of the cherub's trump and drawn from seraphic lyre. The "sweet singer of Israel" has caught the true conception, for Paradise is best portrayed as the home of perpetual music and sempiternal hallelujahs.

This is attested, if any credence is attachable to the utterances of the dying, by the almost universal occurrence of the departing spirit receiving its first recognition of the elysian shore through the agency of straying melody. Instances are cited in which vision has been accorded precedence over audience in the moribund ; one of the most thoroughly vouched for being that related by Bishop Newman as transpiring in his presence at the death-bed of General John A. Logan.

As the last light of cognizance was fading from the valiant chieftain's eye, the last gasp trembling upon his pain-distorted lip, an unearthly brightness suffused his countenance, and "Hail ! Comrades" was the final burthen of his fleeting breath. Such sparse exceptions, however, bear mute testimony to the prevalence of the rule and the heaven-born origin of music.

The chimes of the 'Sagrado Coração' (Sacred Heart) set Greville's thoughts to wandering, for dreams are

always mental wanderers, and in his flight of revery he sought the whereabouts of Consuela.

The romantic disappearance of the unhappy girl and her persistent obmutescence had appealed most strongly to the pathos of his nature, for there are times when the silence of the living is more pathetic than the silence of the dead.

There existed now no doubt in Thornton's mind as to the sincerity of Consuela's purpose. Had the comparison of the two signatures failed to establish the authenticity of the criminating letter, he would have yet believed the missive genuine; for the inditing of such a communication would have been thoroughly consistent with his conception of her ingenuous character. The woman whom a memory dominated, a fragrance gladdened, was not a creature to weave meshes for the ensnaring of innocence at the instance of preponderant influences or self-preservation. He had trusted her, and, renewing that trust in her probity, dismissed his contemplations with a heavy sigh.

The diplomate was awaiting the fetching of his early fruit and coffee prior to leaving for Rio, and upon his desk lay a daintily perfumed envelope, its broken seal of old-gold wax bearing the clear-cut, initial cipher of a silver die. It was the sixth of September, and the day had brought him happiness immensurate, for *L'Equateur* was expected to reach the harbor of the Capital Federal at noon, bearing Ypiranga as its precious burthen.

The *Senhora* had been sojourning some five months in Europe under the chaperonage of *Monsieur* and *Madame* Kafka, and a sennight previous Greville had been ad-

vised, by a letter posted at Dakar, of her contemplated return upon the anticipated French Liner.

The contents of the scented missive which lay upon his desk, simply informed the addressee that the writer would disembark for Nictheroy upon the date mentioned, with the appended subscript :

"If you have fulfilled your pledge, come to me at Madame Kafka's, and should you desire it, I will then redeem mine."

The morning *barca* bore an unusual number of passengers en route to Rio. Scores of opulent coffee-merchants and bankers lounged in specially-provided steamer chairs, puffing cigarette after cigarette and perusing the daily journals ; secretaries and clerks amused themselves at chess with minute paper men tucked in the pockets of portable chess-boards, and not a few members of the *corps diplomatique*, congregated in private conclave, were discussing matters of state and international lore. In one corner of the hurricane deck, conspicuous by his lustreless tile and absence of cuffs, sat an impecunious, world-travelled physician, bearing an unpronounceable name, who claimed to have discovered a process of inoculation against yellow fever, and was assiduously importuning governmental recognition of his theory, while near the pilot house a negro baron engaged in animated discussion with his Caucasian son-in-law.

The day was brilliant with sunshine and the blue waters of the bay smiled beneath a bluer sky. Lazy dolphins floundered in aquatic dalliance amid the dimpled waves, but few craft were moving and the stillness of a New England sabbath seemed to rest upon the traffic of the bay.

Procuring the pilot's glass, with which to sweep the horizon, Thornton descried *L'Equateur* riding at anchor opposite Nictheroy. The good ship had arrived in advance of her schedule and the absence of any collocation of burgees at her mast-head, indicating the presence on board of a consular officer, gave coloring to the presumption that *Monsieur* Kafka and his protégé had already disembarked.

Immediately in front of 'Ilha Fiscal' a line of Brazilian battle-ships described, probably by accident, possibly by design, a glittering semi-circle of steel; an unusual signal flag was flying from the gloomy battlements of Santa Cruz, and several foreign men-of-war added by their presence to the picturesqueness of the vista.

When the *barca* had been made fast to the moorings of the *Prainha*, Thornton was met by the Scotch messenger from the office of his Consul-General bearing upon his arm the official mail pouch and upon his countenance evidences of an eager desire to impart some important communication.

"Well, Andre," was the greeting, "you are quite prompt. The French liner, I observe, arrived during the night."

"Yes," replied the *garçon*; "but your excellency cannot visit her to-day; nor for some time, I fancy. Have you heard the news?"

"No!" ejaculated Greville, "I have heard nothing. What news do you refer to?"

"The *barca* has made her last trip," answered Andre; "she will not be permitted to return to Mauá this afternoon, and your excellency must necessarily remain in the city, for all the railway tracks leading out of the Capital

were torn up last night to check the reported advance of the insurgents, and the urban approaches have been barricaded. The revolution has broken out."

Accompanied by the messenger, Thornton was driven rapidly to the Consulate of his country, and while en route thither the anxious faces of the excited populace confirmed the Scotchman's horrid story. Reaching the Largo da Carioca they found the plaza filled with drilling infantry, and though martial law had not yet been proclaimed, every block in the city was being patrolled by mounted dragoons with cocked carbines resting upon the pommel of the saddle.

At the Consulate General the *Chargé* learned the situation. During the previous night Admiral Custodio Jose de Mello, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and now Minister of Marine, had gone aboard the iron-clad, *Aquidaban*, flying the pennant of the flag-ship, taking with him a number of sympathizers, including a goodly complement of army and navy officers, and quite a sprinkling of members from the Senate and *Camara dos Deputados*. Advices had been transmitted to Marechal Peixoto that unless his resignation was immediately forthcoming, the city would be shelled at four o'clock that afternoon. The revolution was on.

The excitement of the hour alleviated in a measure the bitter disappointment experienced by Greville at contemplation of a further protracted separation from Ypiranga, and he hurried towards the Largo do Paço in order to witness the hostile demonstration of the rebel fleet.

Forcing his way through the surging mass that thronged the Rua d'Assemblia, he recalled his recent associations with the belligerent admiral; for frequent visits to the

Foreign Office had brought him into close official contact with de Mello, which had matured into social affiliations of a most agreeable character. But a transient week had elapsed since he had engaged the Minister in conversation upon the Travessa do Ouvidor.

His reverie was suddenly interrupted by the ringing hoofs of a rapidly approaching charger, and the crush occasioned by the frantic efforts of the crowd to give passage to the advancing courier nearly carried the *Chargé* from off his feet, causing him to seek temporary refuge in the opportune shelter of an adjacent arcade.

"*Fecha, fecha*" (close, close), cried the flying dragoon, in stentorian tones; and the response which came in the deafening clatter of the iron shutters of the shops being vehemently closed, with clanking chains and creaking windlass used in their occlusion, was as the rattle of detonating musketry or prolonged peals of jarring thunder.

At the Paço, the scene which presented itself was one that beggared description, and which most mortals deem the privilege of a life-time to behold. For miles the broad, stone masonry of the serpentine sea-wall, skirting the innumerable indentations of the bay, swarmed with terrorized denizens, the conflux aggregating tens of thousands; and access to the water-front was precluded by the press of panic-stricken humanity. Along the *Caes Pharoux* a phalanx of soldiery, with fixed bayonets, held the rabble in abeyance, and the fierce rays of a noon-day sun glanced in dazzling splendor from the brazen nozzles of ordnance unlimbered upon the landing stages and Nietheroy ferry-slips, and pointing in mute, yet deadly menace toward the sea. The adjacent market, depleted of its stores, was filled with cowering women, and

affrighted children; the mammoth cyclorama building, erected for the accommodation of Meirelles' marvellous reproduction of the Capital upon canvas, afforded a bulwark to hundreds of the craven-hearted, and the Old Palace in the southern angle of the *Largo* had been deserted.

Aside from the characteristic confusion of sounds accompanying moving multitudes, a painfully oppressive silence prevailed; for the Brazilian is ever anything but demonstrative, and to-day he was dumb with terror.

Scarcely a mile from the shore lay the *Aquidaban*, with smoking stacks, cleared deck and shotted guns, as some aquatic monster frothing for a fray, while about her the steel cruiser, *Republica*, was slowly, yet restlessly, steaming backward and forward, suggesting the impatient movement of an imprisoned beast of prey eagerly anticipating the approach of its accustomed repast. To the right of the flag-ship rested the gun-boats, *Trojano*, *Guanabara*, *Almirante Tamandare* and *Esperanca*, while the *Javary* and the transports, *Venus*, *Marte* and *Jupiter*, completed the southern segment of the semi-circle; in fact, the entire Brazilian navy, with the exception of the *Tirudentes*, then in foreign waters, and the monitor, *Bahia*, had espoused the cause of the recalcitrant Minister of Marine.

Even the merchant service seemed not to have escaped the infection of the hour, and three large vessels belonging to the Frigorifico Company, with their cargoes of frozen sheep and cattle yet undischarged, while ostensibly in search of safer anchorage, were in reality withdrawing from the range of the shore batteries, and seeking the coalition, as well as protection of the insurgent fleet.

From the ancient, rock-ribbed parapets of Brazil's most formidable fortress, the Fortaleza de Santa Cruz, which since the year 1696 has stood as the country's Gibraltar in strength and inaccessibility, had been flashed the semaphore of allegiance to the Government; while the more elevated and impregnable Forte do Pico, whose only approach is through Santa Cruz, in turn unassailable save by water, flung to the breeze the intelligence that Admiral Wandenkolk was still incarcerated within its military prison.

Indeed, it had just begun to dawn upon the minds of the Brazilian authorities that the wily admiral's recent passive surrender upon the *Jupiter*, along the southern coast, was a masterly *coup de guerre*, a military ruse to place himself in available communication with his coadjutors and his vessel within the covert of the harbor.

Wandenkolk, who was also a *Senador*, possessed a keen appreciation of satire, for while he had abandoned for many months his seat in the Senate, to assist the insurrectionary movements of the rebel general, Tavares, in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, of which the revolution in the Capital Federal was the outcome, immediately upon his imprisonment in the *fortaleza*, he advised the *Senado* that in consequence of *governmental detention* he was inhibited from attending the deliberations of that august body.

The Fortaleza de S. João, with its batteries cut in the living rock, and in this respect even stronger than those of Santa Cruz, defending the left of the entrance to the bay, had also signaled its loyalty to Peixoto, and Lage, built upon a submerged rock fifty years before Santa Cruz was completed, remained faithful; but saucy little

Villegagnon, its quadrilateral structure protected by water batteries, and commanding the man-of-war anchorage, had gone over to the insurgents.

Gauged by suspense and anxiety, it seemed the passing of a century from the noon-day hour to the prescribed limit of the rebel ultimatum. At approach of the time allotted for the Executive reply, the surge of humanity began to sullenly recede from the water-front, the *casas de cambio* (exchange shops) upon the rua Primeiro de Março, facing the harbor, were all tightly closed and the hush of death hovered over the city. Besiegers and besieged waited with suppressed respiration; the Capital held its breath, but the official response was not forthcoming.

The revolution was no new experience to Marechal Floriano, for he himself had been a participant in the *coup d'état* which drove the unfortunate Fonseca from power in 1891; and as de Mello had recourse to the identical measures employed in that naval drama, the President's familiarity with the duplicity then enacted behind the scenes, enabled him to recognize the pretence and assume an attitude of arrogance which would brook no spirit of opposition or compromise. Solemnly the bells of the *Capella Imperial* tolled the hour of four. The pulse of the populace ceased to beat; the very waves of the harbor seemed to stand in abeyance; yet not a gun was fired, and after the mute reign of two hours, the sun fell in silence behind the mountains that looked down complacently upon a throbbing, panting city. The first day of the revolution was gone.

Time wore on. For a fortnight every day was but a repetition of the initial and hourly the suspense increased

until it had been rendered well-nigh unbearable. The situation was becoming pronouncedly anomalous ; for the revolution was on, yet nothing was doing.

De Mello had no force aboard his vessels sufficient to render effective service on land, and was therefore not in a position to disembark his following. As Rio de Janeiro is some distance removed from the forts, it was declared to be an unfortified city, and viewed in this light, the foreign men-of-war within the harbor had advised the insurrectionists that they would not be permitted to shell the Capital. Peixoto, to be sure, had placed some cannons upon the high hill slopes back of the business area of the city, and trained them upon the hostile ships ; but one shot from the land batteries would have rendered the pretext for foreign intervention untenable, and justified, from an international standpoint, the rebel bombardment. The citizens were cognizant of the situation and to protect their homes from destruction by retaliatory fire, demanded silence from the President's guns, which demand, through dread of a popular uprising, was discreetly acceded to.

At its mouth, the bay does not greatly exceed one mile in width, but a short distance north of the forts it widens rapidly until a breadth of some thirteen miles is attained. Around the elbow, occasioned by the jutting promontory which marks the commencement of the sudden expansion, the admiral had withdrawn his gun-boats and thus removed the flotilla from the range of the fortifications. With no battle-ships, the government was unable to harass the besiegers, and the inadequate land forces of the attacking squadron rendered the dislodgment of the national troops a probability extremely remote.

In this peculiar predicament nothing remained in the semblance of warfare save a duel between the loyal *fortalezas* and faithless Villegagnon. This was indulged in daily until the walls of the latter and its nearest neighbor, Fort Lage, were reduced to a heap of ruins by repeated cannonading which, when casemates had disappeared, was continued from the trenches in futile and bloodless combat.

While the war-ships were merely starving the city, the forts were starving the war-ships and eventually the exigencies of the hour would necessitate some decisive action. Wearying of quotidian inactivity, de Mello proceeded to attack and occupy one by one the small islands of Cobras, Engenho, Governador and Enchadas, encompassed by the bay, and then directed his efforts toward Nictheroy, hoping by such occupancy to establish his claim to the recognition of belligerent rights. At Nictheroy stood a large magazine of government ammunition and, defended as was the town by the Armação Forts, the admiral was assured of freedom from molestation by the iron-clads in the harbor.

It was the execution of this plan of campaign that caused Thornton to be awakened one early morning by the rapid and prolonged discharge of artillery aboard the ships. Springing from his couch he rushed to the window and sweeping the bay with his field-glass, gazed in horror upon the huddled monsters of war, hugging the opposite shore and pouring their deadly fire upon the smoke-mantled town across the water, where abided the idol of his heart. With terror he contemplated the scene. What must be Ypiranga's agony in this hour of peril? Possibly she was not even living, for the crash of falling

buildings, which came to his ear from beyond the bay, suggested a still more horrible death for those who might have managed to elude the flying shot and exploding shells.

Through occasional rifts in the cloud of smoke enveloping the doomed arena, Greville descried the flag of *Monsieur* Kafka floating above the roof of his consular residence; but realizing the recklessness and desperation of the besiegers he attached no faith to the protection which the official insignia was presumed to afford, and knew that the only hope of safety lay in flight to the hills beyond the city, far removed from the murderous range of the belching cannon. Had his adored one fled—had she been advised in time to flee? What if she now lay a mangled corse, rendered by remorseless fate a victim of the merciless bombardment, or rested in death beneath the cruel weight of some shattered and shot-riven structure? He was frenzied with grief and cursed the maddening, soul-sickening suggestion.

For three hours the uninterrupted cannonading continued with deafening detonation; then the pall of silence supplanted the mantle of smoke and when the sullen cloud slowly dissipated fair Nictheroy lay prostrate before her ravishers, dismantled, devastated, demolished.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PASSING OF THE AQUIDABAN.

NOVEMBER with its dual scourges, the blinding, blistering heat of a tropical sun and the insatiate ravages of yellow fever, had come and, in addition to the infliction of the pestilential twins, now noted the curse of starvation upon its calends of fratricidal combat and internecine war.

To these horrors was adjoined the looting of the city by a depraved and demoralized soldiery. Insubordination was rife among the troops and outrages had become matters of daily occurrence; for probably the moral standard of no civilized army is of so low a grade as that of Brazil. The absence of capital punishment fills to repletion the prisons of the republic with criminals of the deepest dye who, after a brief period of incarceration, are transferred from their confinement to the military ranks; and little can be expected in defence of the honor and maintenance of a nation which essays to foster the seeds of patriotism in so uncongenial a soil as that of the convict's breast.

Meat was absolutely unattainable and the city had become restive under the uniform diet of coarse bread and black beans. The observance of municipal sanitary regulations, miserably deficient at its best, had been entirely abandoned, and the increased accumulation of filth

and pollution, as a resultant of such abandonment, was an appalling menace to the health and very life of the populace: the capital was becoming a veritable Gehenna of discontent and desperation, an Avernus of disease and death.

The predicament of the Government had not been improved by an embroglio with Italy emanating from a recent episode requiring international consideration—the firing upon and killing by the national troops of a sailor from the Italian man-of-war lying in the harbor, while approaching the quay in a row-boat, flying the flag of his country. Peixoto offered an immediate apology to Italy's monarch and consented to pay an indemnity of no inconsiderable magnitude for the unfortunate occurrence. Unwonted honors were attached to the obsequies of the murdered seaman and he was accorded an entombment of unusual pomp and ceremony. The military display accompanying the funeral cortege had excited to an extreme tension the passions of the one hundred thousand Italians in the metropolis, whose threats of a vendetta by flambeau and stiletto added greatly to the gravity of the hour.

The god of war, however, was not utterly partial in the bestowal of his favors, for the insurgents were also doomed to encounter many of the vicissitudes of conflict. On the twenty-second of the month a vagrant shot from one of the forts struck the *Javary* and started the plates in her fore compartments.

In the company of several compatriots Bonifacio was sitting in the officers' cabin at the time, engrossed with cigarettes, wine and cards. The merry party heard the shot as it entered their vessel, but were ignorant of the

injury it effected. Indeed the consequences of the insurrection were matters of little import to the gaily-bedizened, giddy-brained coterie gathered around the gaming table of the ill-fated *Javary*; whatever fruition might attend the revolution, success or failure, it perturbed not the souls of the *Contra Almirante* and his companions in arms. They wore the uniform of the navy, had experienced the inspiration of warfare, and to their heated imaginations the last shot, of which their ship had been the target, only added increased lustre to their glory and augmented prowess to their self-conceived fame.

"*Vamos para cima,*" exclaimed a lieutenant with an incipient moustache, when they felt the shock.

"*O Senhor muda de cor; que tem Vm? Se acendemos um charuto,*" replied Andrade banteringly.

"*O Senhor toma as cousas philosophicamente; quanto a mim, eu confesso-lhe que desejaria já ter sahido d'esta vil embarcação,*" answered the subaltern.

"*Console-se,*" continued his companion; *beba um calis de genebra.*"

The qualms of the timid officer were apparently assuaged and the game progressed for several hours, when suddenly the ship began listing to the starboard, for the leak was filling her rapidly with water. Frantic with fear the crew rushed for the deck and general confusion prevailed.

When the last boat had pulled away the *Javary* foundered head foremost just three hours after receiving the fatal shot. The water reached her boiler rooms and a terrific explosion followed.

Out of the hissing depths of liberated steam, the whirling vortex of seething water, mad with dynamic frenzy

and maelstromic flood, and the pandemonium of dying curses which the sunken vessel had left behind, appeared the form of a sailor struggling with the current and vehemently striving to reach the *Contra Almirante's* boat.

"For the love of God, save me," cried the desperate wretch, and with a superhuman effort his hand was upon the gunwale of the craft.

"Be off, you dog; can't you see that there is no room in here?" exclaimed Andrade angrily. "Do you want to swamp us all?"

"In Christ's name have pity," shrieked the half-dead man. "There is plenty of room; your boat is not full and one more will do no harm. By the Blessed Virgin I implore you to save me."

Again Bonifacio bade him release his hold, but the drowning wretch clung to the boat with the tenacity of desperation. Grasping a cutlass that lay in the bottom of the craft, the *Contra Almirante* approached the almost submerged supplicant and with a smothered oath severed at a single blow the arm of the sailor from his body. The clenched hand relaxed and turning upon his slayer a glance of ineffable reproach, such as is emulated only by that which the eye of the tortured hare upon the dissecting table bestows upon its tormentors, the man sank with a piteous moan beneath the water.

Andrade, in his precipitous flight had forgotten his sword, yet when he reached the *Almirante Tamandare* in safety, he related to da Gama, its commander, how he had been the last man to desert the sunken *Javary*, and only departed when he had rendered all the assistance possible to its bewildered and affrighted crew. Da Gama,

who knew men well and read them correctly, laughingly thanked the attache for this information and commended his self-recited bravery.

The able accomplice of de Mello, however, gave but little concern to the *Javary* incident, for he was concerting with the former Minister of Marine for a proposed flight of the flag-ship.

The opportunity was not far distant and one of the pivotal points of the revolt was reached by a most masterly execution. One midnight hour in November an armed launch approached Villegagnon and opened fire on the land forces at the war arsenal and on Castle Hill. * The sharp firing drew the attention of the 'Gloria' searchlight which revealed the launch in all the vividness of day. True to his alertness of instinct and celerity of conception, the commander of Villegagnon promptly directed his guns toward the 'Gloria' light and speedily extinguished it. Again atramental darkness prevailed, accentuated and intensified by the flash from the small arms of the belligerents in the boat and the response from the forces upon land. The St. João searchlight was then turned upon the scene of operations and within a brief time all the heavy guns of Villegagnon opened fire on the government forts.

Suddenly a defiant signal was thrown in mid-air and traced its flashing course against the sable sky.

The momentous hour had arrived.

During all this excitement and confusion the armed merchant steamer, *Esperanca*, had slipped down the bay well over toward the Nictheroy side, and was not discovered by the forts until she had passed Boa Viagem. Before the guns of the forts could be

turned upon the venturesome little steamer, the *Aquidaban* drifted upon the scene and opened fire upon the fortifications.

De Mello breathed the inspiration of the hour, executed the conception of the hero and revelled in the glorious execution. His was the master-hand that guided the evolutions of the flag-ship upon the occasion of her memorable transit.

The appearance of the *Aquidaban* in such a perilous arena was audacity and recklessness personified—an exploit warranted only by the success attendant thereupon. Moving rapidly down the bay for the ostensible protection of the *Esperanca*, then far in advance, the iron-clad halted between the deadly fires of Santa Cruz and Lage, designedly leading them to fire into each other and allowing the merchant steamer to make the passage with but slight injury to one of her engines.

Constantly covered by the white rays of the St. João searchlight, the *Aquidaban*, poising in her intrepid flight, with all her guns in execution against Santa Cruz, Lage and St. João, seemed wreathed with unearthly fire. At the same time Villegagnon was shelling the latter fort to impede the free use of her guns against the flag-ship. The roar of artillery was deafening and incessant, the horrors of hell seemed rampant, the hillsides appeared to tremble and writhe in convulsive throes, the very mountains quaked with the tremor of fear and the waters of the bay boiled in angry ebullition under seething shell and billow-ploughing shot.

When detonation and reverberation died away the iron-clad was gone, and the annals of naval warfare probably record no achievement transcending in daring

the passing of the *Aquidaban* upon the night of the memorable thirtieth of November, 1893.

The following afternoon da Gama placed the *Almirante Tamandare* upon the anchorage of the *Aquidaban*, she taking her position as flag-ship of the insurgent fleet, and three days later he summoned Bonifacio Andrade before him just previous to a renewed bombardment upon Nictheroy.

"*Contra Almirante*," he began with a significant smile as that officer stood in his presence, "I shall visit the *Guanabara* this morning and purpose placing you in charge of the *Tamandare* during my absence; see that too much powder is not wasted."

"The Admiral will have no occasion to blush for my action," replied Bonifacio with a sycophantic smirk and servile obeisance that nearly touched the deck; "I shall render a good account of my stewardship."

"See to it that you do," added da Gama as he passed from the flag-ship to the attending boat, and a few moments later the guns of the *Tamandare* were belching their death-dealing volleys upon what remained of the stricken city.

During the heat of the bombarding Andrade, who had been directing the range of the guns, approached a grizzly-haired *artilheiro* patting him patronizingly upon the shoulder.

"Do you see that 'bandeira?'" he asked of the man, pointing toward the flag which still floated from the roof of M. Kafka's residence; "train your gun upon it and to-day's work shall not be lost."

"*Caramba*," exclaimed the gunner, "that is the — Consulate, and our orders are that it shall not be molested."

"Devil take your orders," ejaculated Bonifacio; "you are responsible to me now and I command you to do as I bid."

"I cannot, *Senhor*," answered the man, shaking his head slowly.

The *Contra Almirante* drew closer and whispered in the ear of the cannoneer.

"Wreck the house over which that flag floats," he said, "and I will give you a *conto* of *reis*."

For a moment the sailor hesitated and then directed the range of his gun towards the designated building.

At that instant a shell from Santa Cruz swept the deck of the *Tamandare* carrying destruction in its path. There was a dull plash in the water and the blue waves of the bay closed forever over the dark, handsome features of the *Contra Almirante* Bonifacio Andrade.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MILK-WHITE STAR.

AT a late hour in the night Greville Thornton sat in the lunch room of the 'Londres,' Rio de Janeiro's most fashionable café. The heat of the city had been tempered by a rain storm in the early part of the evening, and the resort was thronged with officers and civilians discussing the various aspects of the revolution.

The *Chargé* was worn and distraught. Lines of suppressed anguish had established themselves beneath his eyes and the mould of the mouth was a trifle firmer in its setting. With weary respiration and abstract demeanor of complete pre-occupancy the changes which grief and suspense had wrought were most pronounced.

A few hours previous he had witnessed one of those sickening episodes which had become daily concomitants of the insurrection. While indulging in a nocturnal stroll, vainly searching for relief and surcease of mental agony, he encountered a blinding storm opposite one of the *caes*. A vessel, mistaken for the *Guanabara*, but which afterwards proved to be one of the merchant ships seized by the rebels some months gone and used as a transport, lay temptingly near the shore, and several hundred national guards embarked in small boats to effect its capture.

Hoping that the rain and thunder would conceal the men and deaden the noise of their advance, the boats pushed on slowly, the oars moving silently in the rowlocks and the mute soldiery gathered together in breathless suspense, ready to spring upon the enemy's deck. When within a hundred yards of their hoped-for prey the boats were discovered by the vigilant searchlights and the crew of the transport sprang to their arms. Rapid-firing guns and small arms poured their volleys into the approaching crafts, now rushing forward propelled with all the energy that the human strength of their oarsmen could bring to bear.

The first boat was sunk by a shot, but the rest at last knocked against the vessel, and then up her steep sides swarmed the soldiers only to meet at the top an enemy as bold and as desperate as themselves. Man after man reached the bulwarks but to be beaten back by axes, bayonets and cutlasses, bleeding and dying, into the boats or the waters of the bay. The attack failed and the waves were curdled with steaming blood and turgid with human gore. The rain ceased, the murderous fire ended; and when the misty moonbeams and glaring searchlights revealed the shattered boats and floating corpses, Greville turned his back upon the scene and sought the *salle* of the 'Londres.' He was moodily meditating over a glass of anisette when a handsome Brazilian officer approached the table, accosting him in tones of pleased surprise.

"I am happy to renew your excellency's acquaintance," began the new-comer; "it is many a day since I enjoyed the pleasure of your society and during these stirring times, you know, one is not safe in vouching for one's life twenty-four hours in advance."

"Thank you, da Silva," replied Thornton; "the pleasure, I assure you, is mutual. Be seated and join me in my wine."

"Chartreuse is strong enough for me," responded the officer as he sat down at the table. "Have a cigar."

"You must allow me to congratulate you upon your brilliant military exploit," continued the *Chargé*; "all Rio de Janeiro is discussing the deed. I assure you that the Capital Federal has gone mad with admiration and your prowess has thrown recognized leaders completely into the background."

Da Silva smiled, for, though simply a cadet in the army, he was conscious of having distinguished himself in executing an achievement of incomparable daring.

He had been stationed upon the Nietheroy side of the bay as an attaché of the Armação forts and those of Ponta da Areia, guarding a rocky and sinuous shore and commanding the adjacent island of Mocanguê. This island was captured by the rebels who a week later also took possession of the neighboring one of Bom Jesus. The government papers promptly announced that Peixoto's troops had evacuated these points of vantage, but the assertion received no credence and was greeted with howls of derision by the populace.

Emboldened by their successes, the insurgents attempted to capture the batteries of Ponta da Areia, the unexpected attack finding the government unprepared and with diminished forces.

Coronel Brazzia, in command, sent Felipe da Silva post-haste for aid. To reach the mainland and headquarters it was necessary to traverse a narrow road on the steep side of the peninsula leading to the point, ex-

posed throughout to the enemy's range. The cadet managed to effect the commission unharmed, though he passed through a veritable baptism of fire and warned the general commanding.

Immediate reinforcements were despatched and soon reached the exposed road, upon which the rebels, noting the manœuvre, concentrated the fire of their entire fleet, sweeping the passage like a hail storm with all manner of small projectiles. Yet, without a moment's hesitation, the gallant soldiers marched in at the double quick, Felipe at their head. They crossed the road from side to side, tramp, tramp, the living over the bodies of the dead and wounded, man after man falling as the troops moved on. The passage to comparative shelter was only a brief one, but its accomplishment forfeited the lives of sixty men and left two hundred badly wounded. The reinforcements, however, arrived in time and saved the port and the Armação to the government, the loss of which might even then have changed the result of the revolution.

"Indisputably its preservation is the debt which the nation owes to Felipe da Silva," avouched Greville, replenishing his glass.

"*Coronel* Brazzia has done me the extreme honor of presenting in such coloring to the Executive my discharge of his commission," answered the cadet; "but let us abandon such egoism and discuss topics of a less notorious character. For instance, your excellency probably recalls the slaying of that Italian sailor which cost the government such a princely sum."

"Perfectly well," replied Thornton; "I witnessed the funeral obsequies."

"It so chanced that a few trinkets among his personal effects came temporarily into my possession," observed Felipe, "and I returned them all to the officer of his vessel, save a small likeness, the sad, sweet countenance of which so enamored me that I have constituted it my vade-mecum."

"You have much of romance in your heart," averred the *Chargé*: "too much to be compatible with the composition of a soldier's nature."

"If once you saw the fair face, you would commend my love of the beautiful and not designate my admiration as romance," retorted da Silva.

"Let me view the talisman," said Greville, "and I will pronounce upon its merits. It requires not the test of critique to decide whether it is the artist's admiration or romancer's idealism that dominates your soul."

Felipe da Silva unbuttoned his closely-fitting coat and took from the inner pocket a worn leather case about which was twined a strong cord of grass fibre.

"There," he exclaimed, "is my enchantress, and ignorance of her identity but intensifies my passion."

Thornton took the proffered picture with but little display of interest; but no sooner had he glanced at the features than he sprang to his feet with astoundment.

"Consuela," he cried: "Consuela Ribeiro; can it be possible? Da Silva, you know this woman; your representation as to the acquirement of this likeness is a fabricated pleasantry and you are cajoling me. Tell me, I beseech you, where the original is and keep me not in suspense."

The cadet gazed at his companion in utter amazement.

"I have told you only the truth," he ventured to reply; "I know her not, but you seem to have recognized in the face an acquaintance of more than passing interest."

For a moment Greville hesitated.

"Yes," he proceeded, "I knew her well. Her present establishment is of more than usual concern to me; but not in the sense that you seem to regard it. Can you assist me in locating her?"

"Pardon me," said da Silva with the suspicion of an injured stress in his voice; "I must insist that you accord credence to my declarations. I repeat my assertion of profound ignorance concerning the lady and her environments."

"I crave your forgiveness, Felipe," rejoined the *Chargé*, "my wish undoubtedly sired the thought and my excitement furthered its expression; but tell me, did you obtain the picture from the person of the Italian sailor?"

"No," answered Felipe; "the clothing of the unfortunate man was searched by an officer who gave the effects to me and who was killed at the demonstration against Armação."

"Were the last utterances of the deceased detailed to you?"

"As well as I remember he never spoke after receiving his mortal wound."

"Can you describe his appearance to me?" enquired Thornton, nervously.

"When I saw the corse, it was shrouded in the Italian colors and I did not remove the pall from the body."

"I would give much to know if his visage bore a hideous scar, marring the left cheek in its trend from temple to mouth," mused Greville.

"I also," observed the Brazilian, "was sufficiently interested in the man to make diligent enquiry concerning his aspect, but the tardiness of the research thwarted success. His companions had departed with the war-ship and my importuning the *coveiro* for exhumation was met with the objection that the quicklime deposited in the grave must necessarily have rendered the features unrecognizable. Of course I was ignorant of the existence of any scar, but if the facial defacement was the result of a serious blow, the skull would probably bear and preserve the imprint of the weapon which inflicted the disfigurement."

"Not so serious as that I opine," interposed the *Chargé*.

"I fear that all opportunities for recognition of the man have been lost," said da Silva; "but since you are so perturbed by the incident and apparently knew the beautiful stranger so well, I am going to demonstrate my possession of generosity as well as artistic taste by presenting to you the likeness; it is at your excellency's disposal. This is just, as well as my pleasure. Keep it, *Senhor*; it is yours."

"How shall I ever be able to express my appreciation of your kindness," repeated Greville sadly as he pressed the picture to his lips and then placed it carefully in his wallet.

"The witnessing of the gratification which my sacrifice affords you has discharged the obligation," replied Felipe, bowing; "and I only ask that you tell me something of the pretty Italian maiden."

"She was married," responded Thornton, "and if the murdered mariner corresponded in appearance to the man whom I have described, he was her husband; though

the most depraved of villains that one may chance to encounter."

"Possibly he who bore her likeness so close to his heart and guarded it with such faithful devotion, was her lover," suggested the cadet; "it is difficult to conceive how a soul tenanting so fair a temple could find aught in touch with such an one as you have depicted."

"True," answered the *Chargé*, "but she told me that she was linked to this despicable wretch, and I could never think of doubting her assertion."

"Still," insinuated Felipe, "in Italy, you know, husbands and lovers are not contemporaneous irreconcilabilities."

Greville sighed and was silent. Amid the clinking of glasses and hilarity of the guests he became lost in contemplation. A sense of self-disparagement lurked in the bottom of his heart at the comparison of lost, unhappy Consuela's efforts to communicate with him, with his own unfruitful attempts and languishing endeavors at joining Ypiranga.

Frail and fraught with child-like innocence, surrounded by circumstances appalling in their menacing, her fidelity of purpose and ingenuity of execution had found a medium of reaching him; while he, plenarily physiqued and intellectually provisioned, was yet as isolated and as far removed from communication with his soul's enchantress as he was upon the first day of the revolution. All devices of ingenuity and known available methods had been exhausted; yet, nevertheless, when he dwelt upon the fidelity and cleverness of the poor, unfortunate girl, he felt condemned. At one period, indeed, he had resolved to hoist the flag of his country,

boldly steam toward the *Aquidaban* and, securing immunity from de Mello, hazard the attempt of landing at Nictheroy; but no sooner had the resolution been formulated than advices of the flag-ship's flight reached the city, and, with all hope abandoned, he saw no course of action left him save to suffer and bide his time.

As he thus sat absorbed in meditation an orderly approached da Silva and handed him a sealed despatch. The Brazilian broke the wafer and perused the message hurriedly.

"Greatly as I regret discarding such pleasant company," he said smilingly to Thornton, "I have received official orders that render my immediate departure imperative," and arose to take his leave.

"Stay, Felipe," said the *Chargé* hesitantly; "I have just expressed my inability to discharge the obligation that you have so recently conferred, and yet I find myself on the eve of soliciting another."

"You have but to command," replied his companion, "and, if within the bounds of possibility, I am at your service."

The *Chargé* still faltered and glanced at the orderly who, noting the embarrassment which his presence occasioned, deferentially withdrew to an adjoining apartment.

"I must reach Nictheroy," began Greville; "can you afford me conduct thither?"

The cadet shrugged his shoulders and pondering a moment, enquired:

"Does your excellency object to donning the uniform of the dead?"

"I will hesitate at nothing that ensures the accomplishment of my desires and purpose," responded the *Chargé*.

"Can you go at once?"

"Without a moment's preparation," was the answer.

"Then come with me."

Paying his bill to the *criado*, Thornton passed out into the Ouvidor with his companion and proceeded to the Largo de S. Francisco de Paula, where a cabriolet was engaged.

"To the Escola Militar," directed Felipe, and the two were hurrying toward the government institution.

It was a long drive around the bay of Botafogo and the clock in the tower announced the hour of two as they passed into the court of the military school nestling beneath the enveloping shadows of frowning Sugar Loaf.

"Come to my room," said da Silva, "and I will soon have you in readiness; but remember, you are to be my subaltern and must obey orders implicitly, or I cannot vouch for the consequences."

"Trust me," replied Greville, "I shall make a model *soldado*."

The cadet excused himself for a moment, soon returning with the regimentals of a Brazilian corporal thrown across his arm.

"The man to whom they belonged was shot yesterday," he remarked, "but you must over-ride your scruples and invest yourself with them as soon as possible. As fortune will have it, under my orders I am to proceed without delay to the Armação, and may possibly be able to secure your conduct to the environs of Nictheroy."

Thornton was soon arrayed in the soldier's clothing and his own were safely stowed in a stout canvas sack.

"Now, *cabo de esquadra* (corporal), accompany me," said the cadet, smiling at the awkward appearance of his

companion and the suggestion of a possible discovery of the ruse. "Luckily it is still dark, and when dawn breaks we shall have passed beyond the line of military outposts."

At the door below two smart mules were waiting and, strapping his sack behind him, the pseudo-corporal was promptly in the saddle following Felipe at a brisk gallop.

A mounted soldier of the Brazilian army rarely rides at a speed less than a dash. Whenever a cabinet official or one high in rank appears upon the streets in his carriage, he is invariably attended by military outriders, and it is proverbial that these attachés always fee the driver of the vehicle for a rapid pace, thus insuring a semblance of pageantry and at the same time an avoidance of the discomfort occasioned by a trot which the short-legged beasts and roughly-paved thoroughfares render almost unendurable.

Little difficulty was experienced in evading the vigilance of the drowsy guards upon the capital's suburbs, and when the morning sun arose in its majesty and oppressiveness the muleteers had safely passed the defences of the city and were toiling along the Imperial highway, over the same route that the *Chargé* had employed during his midnight ride to Petropolis and the proposed relief of the dying hermit: that terrible night when the spectral crucifix had stood out so vividly before him and the sinking *Cruz do Sul* had plagued his horror-stricken conscience—that blessed night when duty had waged battle with love and conquered, and when, as a reward for his cothurnate heroism, his lost jewel had been seemingly restored to him.

Many changes and events savoring of so tragic a character had transpired since then, that Greville, in their contemplation, was heedless of the sun's fierce rays, the suffocating dust or the merciless jolting to which he was being subjected by the creature beneath his saddle, and he had apparently forgotten the presence or even existence of his abettor until Mauá was reached, when da Silva suggested a temporary relay for several hours' recuperation.

At noon the journey was resumed, a weary detour being made around the eastern side of the bay. Progress was slow, the distressed beasts, with parched and protruding tongues, threading their tedious way through clumps of stiff yucca and prickly cactii, over boulders of fragmentary rock and along marshes of treacherous sand. The straggling advance necessitated a suspension of conversation and had it been otherwise, Thornton would have refrained from reference to his tribulations or the object of his visit.

The approaches to Nictheroy were gained just as the sun was falling behind the mountains across the water, and Felipe advised his companion that the diverging road to the Armação necessitated a separation and further journeying for each, alone.

Under the shelter of a mango tree the *Chargé* exchanged his military habiliments for his own apparel and pressed the hand of his friend in affectionate *adieux*.

"You are now safe," said da Silva, "the city can be reached before nightfall and I wish you God speed."

"When we meet again," rejoined Greville, "I shall demonstrate my eternal appreciation of the unspeakable kindness which you have this day done me. *Adieu.*"

Thornton loitered at the parting of the ways until Felipe da Silva disappeared forever from his view. Then he turned his gaze toward Nictheroy and from a slight eminence in the path descried the flag of M. Kafka floating in *silhouette* against the saffron background of the intense after-glow. With flushed brow and palpitating heart he pushed forward, his mental depiction of the reception which Ypiranga, if living, would accord him causing him to tremble with agitation and well-nigh reel from the saddle.

At length the outskirts were encountered and while his approach to the city was upon the side furthest removed from the bay and less exposed to the guns of the besiegers, sufficient evidence of destruction and devastation was presented to him to generate a realization of the horrors through which the populace had passed and the extreme condition to which they had been reduced. Roofless houses and abandoned *casas* met the gaze at every turn. Fair gardens were ploughed with bullets and tall trees felled in bewildering confusion. 'Sobrados' had been demolished, walls swept away, streets obliterated, palaces shattered with shot and *armazens* razed to the ground. Out from under the fallen ruins, shivered rafters and battered gables protruded the putrifying corpses of the unfortunate inmates, too late in their flight, their pain-distorted, sightless sockets, shell-mutilated bodies and gaping mouths proclaiming the terrors of their deaths.

Verily the doom of Babylon and the demolition of Ninevah had fallen upon the ill-fated town. Involuntarily there came to Greville's mind the prophecy of him whose lips Jehovah had touched with celestial fire—"And

the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

Over the strewings of ashes and debris, the skeletons of starved and slaughtered animals, the *Chargé* picked his way till he halted before the gate of the — Consulate General.

M. Kafka was sitting upon the gallery of his residence and failed to note the approach of Greville, who had dismounted, until he presented himself at his side.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed *Monsieur*, as he recognized his visitor, and then throwing his arms around him, he kissed him on both cheeks and alternately patted each shoulder, a mode of salutation peculiar to Brazil, while great tears streamed down his face.

"This is the work of Providence," continued the Consul General; "none other could have sent you, and under no other guidance could you have reached this accursed spot."

"I bless my Maker that I am at last here, and that you still live," replied Thornton; "but the *Senhora*; tell me of her."

"She is well and will be overcome with joy to greet you. Her happiness will be the first ray of sunshine that our hearts have known for four weary months. I feel as though I were conversing with one from another universe, and can scarcely realize that it is a former acquaintance upon whom I gaze."

Madame Kafka, having heard their voices, now presented herself and with broken sobs bestowed upon Greville the same affectionate salutation which her husband had accorded him.

Having listened for a few moments to the tale of horrors which his hosts related relative to their recent bitter experiences, the *Chargé* detailed to them briefly the progress of the revolution and his perilous journey to Nictheroy.

"You must be nearly famished," interposed Madame Kafka. "Our living has been from hand to mouth, with many days of threatened starvation, though food is a trivial consideration when one confidently expects each hour to be one's last upon earth; but thanks to a faithful *regateira* we have now some provisions in the larder. Come and be refreshed."

"No," rejoined Thornton, "I ate heartily of fruit at noon and have no hunger save to see the *Senhora* Ypiranga; will you oblige me by assuaging such pangs?"

"You shall see the dear child," replied Madame, smiling through her tears, "and as an earnest of my gratitude at your seeking us in our isolation I shall be so gracious as to permit you to interview her alone. Come into the drawing-room."

The *Chargé* bowed and kissing the hand of his hostess, followed her into the palace.

"Be seated and I shall send the *Senhora* to you;" and Madame Kafka departed to seek her charge.

Two *bougies* flickered with a struggling flame upon the marble mantel, occasioning a fantastic effect upon curtains, lace and statuary, while the mammoth mirrors intensified in the duplication the prevailing sense of grandeur, loneliness and gloom.

So silent and so in keeping with the surroundings was the entrance of Ypiranga, that Greville was ignorant of her presence till she stood before him, mute, pale and

statue-like, clad in an evening gown of immaculate whiteness and resting one elbow upon the corner of the mantel with her picturesquely posed arm and hand supporting her slightly inclined head.

"*Minha namorada*," exclaimed Thornton springing to his feet and rushing toward the girl.

"Stay, *Senhor*," she commanded, raising her head and extending her arm dramatically; "observe your distance; you forget yourself."

"Is this my reception, Ypiranga, when I have nearly sacrificed my life to reach you?" cried her lover bitterly. "Did not your summons warrant the anticipation of a greeting quite different in character from this? Remember that my tarrying was occasioned by the most direful of catastrophies and most formidable of barriers."

"Not that," she said; "you are too good to touch me. You are made of finer clay than myself. You—" here she faltered for a moment, but quickly regaining her composure, asked: "How is it with my brother; have you fulfilled your pledge?"

"The poor hermit died the same night that I left you and Bonifacio is saved. There will be no prosecution and I have come for a redemption of your plight."

He approached a step nearer with arms outstretched, wildly throbbing bosom and audibly palpitating heart. It must be remembered that Greville was unaware of the *Contra Almirante's* sudden death and spoke with the utmost sincerity of conviction.

"Not yet," said the girl, raising her hand threateningly; "when you have heard my story, I am yours to caress, to fondle, to do with as you like; but not till then."

The *Chargé* halted a pace before the woman he loved. She gazed at him pathetically and then extending both arms at full length, with fingers nervously interlaced, threw back her head, remaining for a moment silent, while the heaving of her alabastrian breast and convulsive pulsation of her heart were distressing in the extreme. The silence was broken by a whisper.

"Greville," she began in suppressed intonation, "my pledge shall be redeemed if you so desire it. But will you insist—can you not find it in your heart to let this cup pass from me; to spare me the anguish of this ordeal? I pause for your reply."

The *Chargé* remained before her, mute, yet resolute. A fixed gaze of agony, of appeal, of tender supplication and strange interrogation from her eloquent eyes searched his very soul; but he shook his head slowly and sadly.

"Ypiranga," he replied with pathetic stress of voice, "you do not love me."

"Hush, *Senhor*," she ejaculated, "you dare not repeat that in my presence, when my heart, amid all the terrors through which it has just passed, all the fearful dread of violent annihilation to which it has recently been subjected, has not for one hour forgotten you, its master, its lord, its king: when, as each screaming shot and hideous shell has passed over my domicile, my lips have prayed for you and your safety alone. While I yearned for death, my implorations were freighted with the single request that I might be spared until I once again looked upon your dear face. Not love you, when my brother, my benefactors, my surroundings have been all forgotten in the absorbing passion that has consumed my soul. Not love you, when I have wearied my God with invo-

cations for this blessed hour—this dreaded hour; this hour that has restored my soul's salvation to me, that is to work my own undoing and consign me to perpetual torture.

“There are tears in my heart to-night, *querido*, and I cannot hear such words from your lips. Desist, I beseech you. You have been to me, Greville, all gentleness, all tenderness, all love. Harder than adamant must have been my heart had it not responded to the pleadings and suasion of such a wooing as thine.

“I felt your power, I recognized the danger and should have fled it, but I did not. Fancying myself sufficiently strong to resist the fatal influence, I fought its impetus, defied my own heart's impulses and warned you of the utter futility of all hope; but alas! while tarrying to fight, defy and warn, I learned too late that I too was only human; and, succumbing to the impetus, yielding to the impulse, reached out my hand to clasp a shattered anchor, hope's helpless emblem, while the chariot wheels of despair were crushing my heart with their cruel heft and merciless rotation.

“In reckless selfishness I confessed to myself that I had rather spend one day as your wife than years in eternity. Life with you, Greville, would be an unending *lune de miel* and beyond that I sought no other paradise. You have deemed me perverse and chided my strength of resistance; when you know all will you forgive my weakness in yielding, condone my frailty of resolution? Oh! Greville, Greville, this is torture beyond endurance and I stagger under the infliction. Have only pity for me for I am as one crucified: aye, worse than that—compared to the agony which is now my portion, the pangs of crucial cruciation would be an euthanasia most

mercifully conceded. The tortures of the cross are spent when physical endurance surrenders, are encompassed within a single circuit of the minor dial shaft; my transfixion is perpetual till weary years have rounded up the cycle of excruciation and the tomb resolves itself into the goal of agony's surcease—when the grave becomes hell's cessation and oblivion a consummation devoutly to be desired.

"I have prayed, oh! so fervently, dearest, that the Blessed Virgin might take from my heart its great love for you; might stifle your passion for me; but it would seem that my invocations have failed of all fruition. Oh! God, what is my sin—wherein have I transgressed that I should be thus accursed?"

She wreathed her hands behind her head, forming of them a pillow, and, with half-closed eyes, posed trembling as a storm-riven, writhing willow.

"Ypiranga, my own, you are mad," gasped her lover; "you wot not the folly with which your words are freighted—the delirium to which your tongue gives birth."

"I am cognizant of all that I say," she sobbed between clenched teeth; "comprehend fully the import of my seeming irrationalities."

"If what you say is true; if I possess your love in a measure commensurate with your declarations, why still withhold your hand when the heart is itself enslaved?" he asked.

"The heart should be withheld while the hand remains in bondage," she replied.

Thornton hesitated, and as a deadly pallor suffused his countenance, exclaimed:

"Woman, can it be possible that you have duped me—exercised your fiendish dissimulation that I might serve your end? I see it all now. This *Contra Almirante*, who should be behind prison bars, this handsome devil, this Bonifacio, whom you call brother, is none other than your husband."

A wild, maniacal laugh escaped from the girl's lips.

"Brief-witted fool," she hissed, "connubial contamination is remediable and can be expiated at one's own volition, but consanguineal taint is infectious and indelible; irreparable and remediless. Would I sacrifice my heart's essence to shield a culpable consort if I loved another? There can be no question as to that love—you must guess again, *Senhor*."

"Forgive the entertainment of this cruel suspicion; it is as though I had contracted your madness," he pleaded with drooping head. "What can this terrible secret be—what is the truth from the divulgement of which you so shrink? I am convinced that the bitter affliction under which you are frenzied, is not of your own doing, and yet I dare not question the presence of hymen's seal in your parents' union."

"No, no, not that," she interposed; "the Andrade escutcheon presents no bar sinister; dismiss at once and forever the merciless suggestion."

The *Chargé* stood as one dazed, for he was at his wits' end to fathom the innuendoes of the strange creature before him.

"Am I to surmise," he asked, "that the purity of the life-tide, coursing through your blue veins, is polluted by the transfusion of other than Caucasian blood?"

The girl's proud lip curled with scorn.

"Again you are wrong," she replied imperiously; "but were such the case, would it mark the bounds of your passion—reveal the barrier beyond which your love would refuse to go? Would such a condition cause you to turn your face from me—prove the test of your fidelity?"

Greville sank upon a *fauteuil* and buried his face in his hands.

The *bougies* flickered in almost sepulchral gloominess, and Ypiranga's labored respiration was audible throughout the entire apartment.

"You need have no occasion to make answer," she said after a brief silence, "for I shall not put your soul to the rack. Harken to that which I have to say."

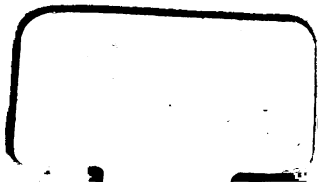
The wretched man raised his head languidly.

Advancing a step from the mantel, her left hand still resting upon its ledge, the girl steadied herself, and, drawing her figure up to its full height, paused in painful hesitancy. Elevating her right arm, as though the extended palm were importuning succor, she continued in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Greville, Greville, had you not been so blinded in your infatuation for me; had you looked between my eyes instead of into them, you would have seen my curse—the milk-white star, the star that kills; would have read my doom. Know, then, the truth: I am, I am, God pity me—a leper!"

[NOTE.—Among the early Jews the incipient stages of leprosy were detected by noting the presence of an almost imperceptible milk-white star between the eyes of the victim. This is further attested by the

following excerpt from Chapter XII. of the apocryphal first "Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ," translated, 1697, by Henry Sike, Professor of Oriental Languages at Cambridge:—"But when he came to see her, he perceived between her eyes the signs of leprosy like a star, and thereupon declared the marriage dissolved and void."—AUTHOR.]



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